

EDUCOMICS

# I SAW IT

THE ATOMIC BOMBING of HIROSHIMA



\$2

**A SURVIVOR'S  
TRUE STORY**  
by Keiji Nakazawa



# Introduction...

Keiji Nakazawa, a survivor of the Hiroshima bombing, wrote and drew this comic book about his own life. *I SAW IT* is an English translation of *ORÉ WA MITA*. It was originally published in black and white in a special issue of the popular Japanese comic book *Shonen Jampu* in September, 1972.

Nakazawa's editor urged him to create a longer work based on *I SAW IT*. With this encouragement, Nakazawa began writing what became the immensely popular *BAREFOOT GEN*, Nakazawa rages cal fiction based on his own experiences.

In *I SAW IT*, and especially in *BAREFOOT GEN* series, a historical fiction based on his own experiences. In *I SAW IT*, and especially in *BAREFOOT GEN* series, a historical fiction based on his own experiences. In *I SAW IT*, and especially in *BAREFOOT GEN* series, a historical fiction based on his own experiences. In *I SAW IT*, and especially in *BAREFOOT GEN* series, a historical fiction based on his own experiences.

not only against the bomb but also at the militarists who led Japan into war. In addition to his comics about Hiroshima, Nakazawa has also drawn a series about atrocities Japan committed in Manchuria.

However one chooses to apportion the blame, the decision to drop an atomic bomb on Hiroshima is now history. It would be sad and dangerous if Americans allowed defensiveness about that decision to prevent us from learning what the survivors of that

holocaust are trying to tell us. In 1945 the most devastating bomb that had been dropped from the air was the "grand slam" blockbuster. Then the atomic age was born over Hiroshima in a fission blast 1300 times more powerful.

Now fission bombs are used as the triggers in thermonuclear bombs with 2000 times more explosive power than the Hiroshima bomb. Today the superpowers have stockpiled a million "Hiroshimas."

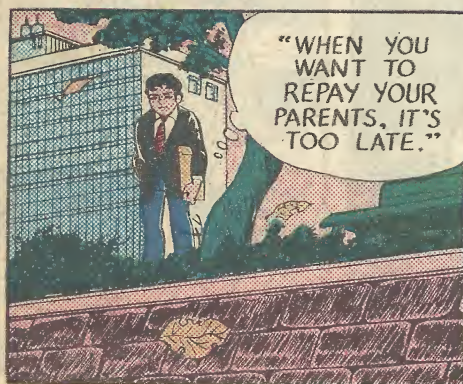
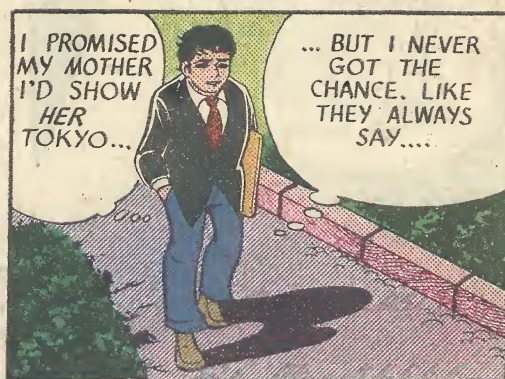
Nakazawa's story about one Hiroshima reveals a part of what is buried behind these statistics, and inspires our urgent efforts to eliminate the threat of nuclear war.

Some of the people whose help made this edition possible have been the members of Project Gen, especially Alan Gleason, Yuko Kitaura and Fred Schodt; Mizue Fujinuma, Rebecca Wilson, Guy Colwell, and Tom Orzechowski.

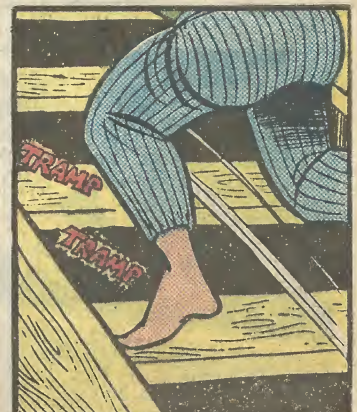
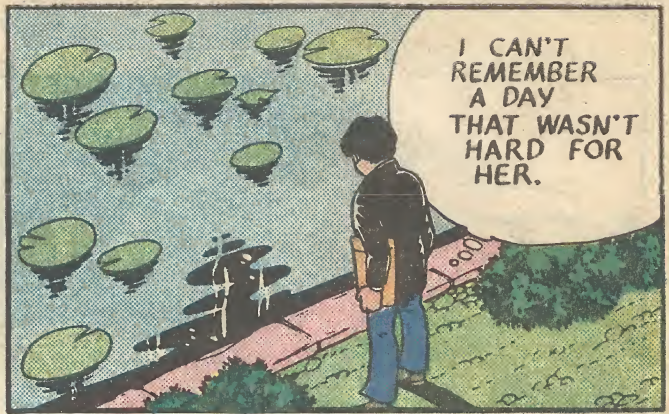
Leonard Rifas  
Editor/Publisher

WOW, LOOK,  
YASUTO!  
EVERYTHING'S  
GONE!





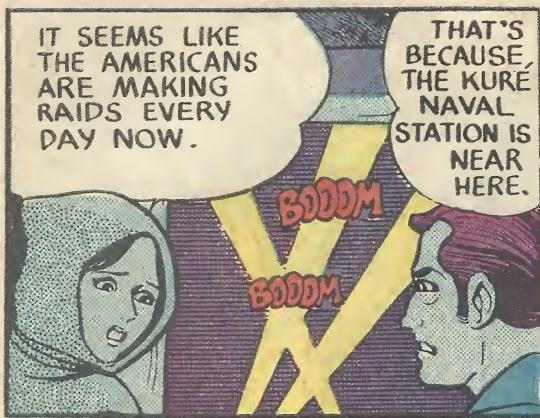






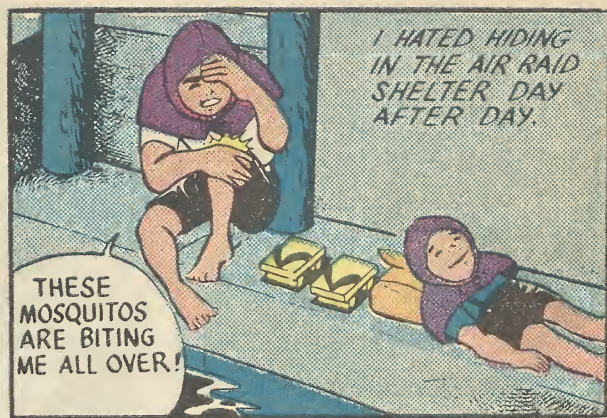






IT SEEMS LIKE THE AMERICANS ARE MAKING RAIDS EVERY DAY NOW.

THAT'S BECAUSE THE KURÉ NAVAL STATION IS NEAR HERE.



I HATED HIDING IN THE AIR RAID SHELTER DAY AFTER DAY.

THESE MOSQUITOS ARE BITING ME ALL OVER!



THERE WAS NO FOOD. OUR STOMACHS WERE ALWAYS EMPTY.



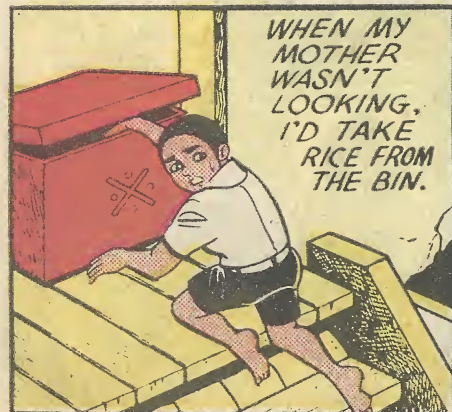
IS THIS ALL I GET, MAMA?

WE HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH WHAT WE'VE GOT.



SNIF... THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH! ALL WE GET IS BEANS. THERE'S HARDLY ANY RICE!

EVEN WHEN WE HAVE MONEY, WE CAN'T BUY RICE. IT'S THE WAR.

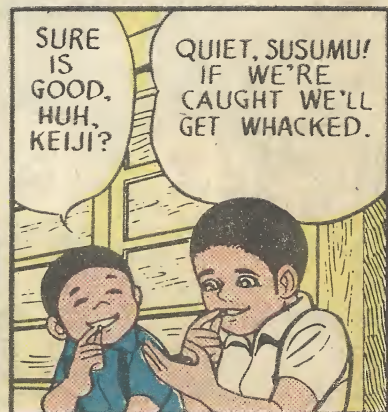


WHEN MY MOTHER WASN'T LOOKING, I'D TAKE RICE FROM THE BIN.



THE MORE YOU CHEWED IT, THE BETTER IT TASTED.

CRUNCH CRUNCH



SURE IS GOOD, HUH, KEIJI?

QUIET, SUSUMU! IF WE'RE CAUGHT WE'LL GET WHACKED.





THAT'S  
STRANGE!  
SOME OF  
THE RICE  
SEEMS TO  
BE GONE!

HEE  
HEE

SSHH  
!!



FOR GENERATIONS  
OUR FAMILY WAS  
IN THE BUSINESS  
OF PAINTING  
WOODEN  
CLOGS.



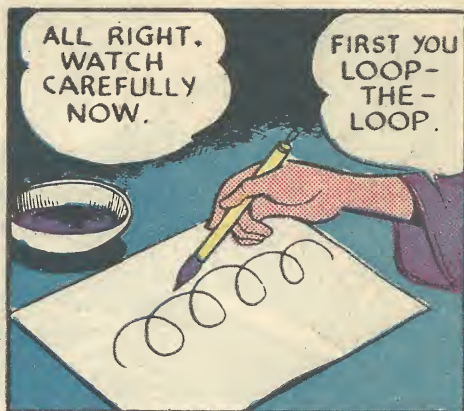
MY FATHER ALSO DID  
LACQUERWORK AND  
TRADITIONAL STYLE  
PAINTINGS.

HE HAD NO  
BUSINESS SENSE.  
HE GAVE AWAY  
VALUABLE  
PAINTINGS.



TEACH ME  
HOW TO  
DRAW A  
SOLDIER,  
PAPA!

DON'T YOU  
REMEMBER  
HOW, KEIJI?

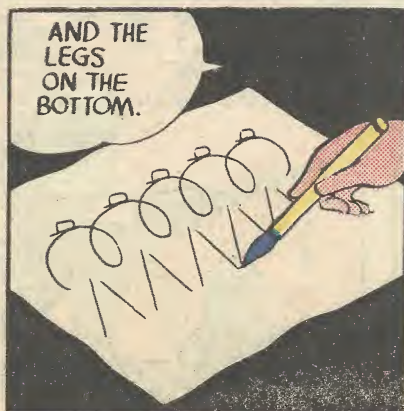


ALL RIGHT,  
WATCH  
CAREFULLY  
NOW.

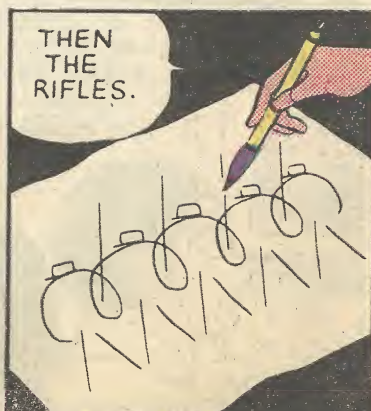
FIRST YOU  
LOOP-  
THE-  
LOOP.



NEXT THE  
HATS GO  
ON TOP...

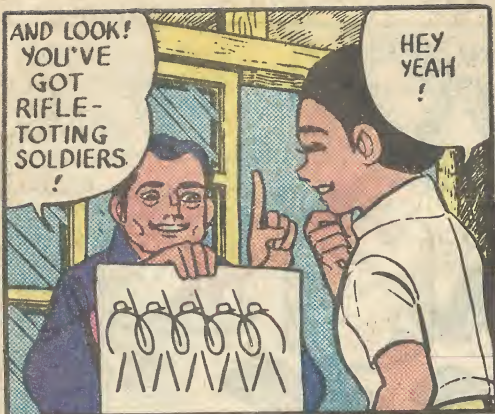


AND THE  
LEGS  
ON THE  
BOTTOM.



THEN  
THE  
RIFLES.





AND LOOK!  
YOU'VE  
GOT  
RIFLE-  
TOTTING  
SOLDIERS  
!

HEY  
YEAH  
!

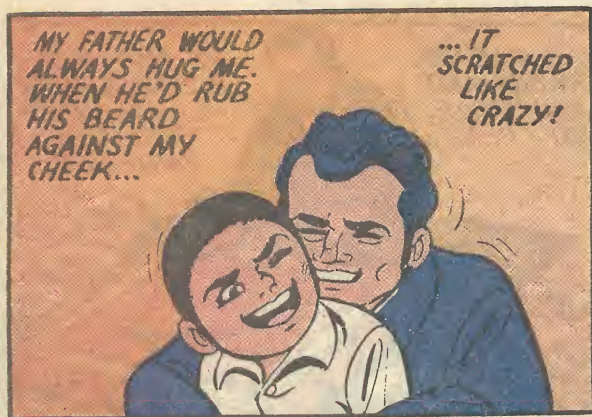


SO YOU WANT  
TO BE AN  
ARTIST WHEN  
YOU GROW  
UP, KEIJI?

YEAH.



OKAY, THEN.  
YOU CAN  
LEARN FROM  
YOUR PAPA !



MY FATHER WOULD  
ALWAYS HUG ME.  
WHEN HE'D RUB  
HIS BEARD  
AGAINST MY  
CHEEK...

... IT  
SCRATCHED  
LIKE  
CRAZY!



MY HAPPIEST TIMES  
WERE CATCHING  
GRASSHOPPERS,  
WHICH WE'D  
FRY AND  
EAT....

YAHOO  
!



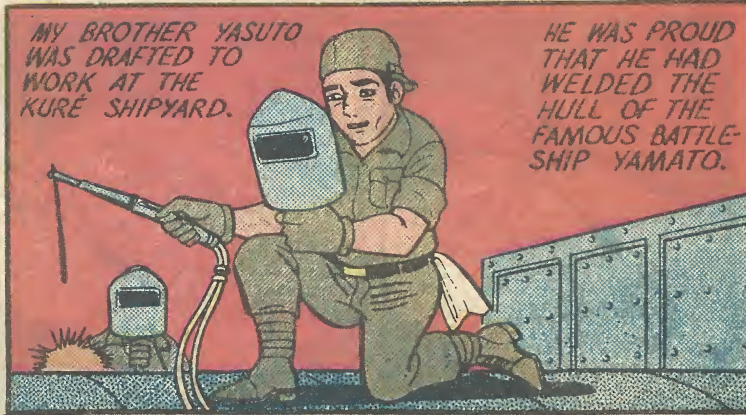
GET IN  
LINE.  
EVERYBODY.  
ONLY THREE  
DUMPLINGS  
A PERSON.

...AND GOING  
TO BUY  
DUMPLINGS..

HEY SIS !  
I'LL STAND  
IN LINE  
AGAIN AND  
GET AN  
EXTRA BATCH!



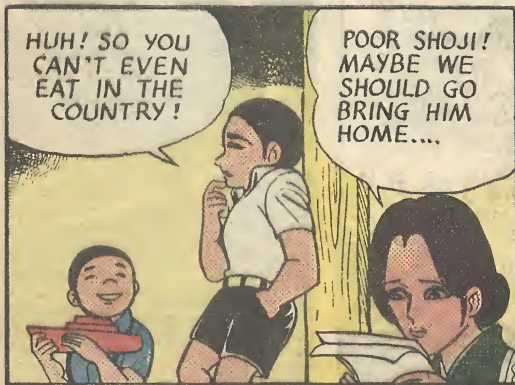
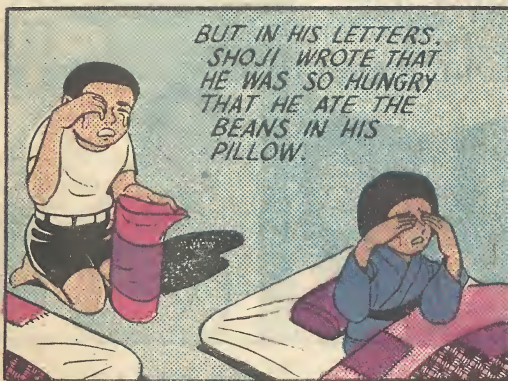
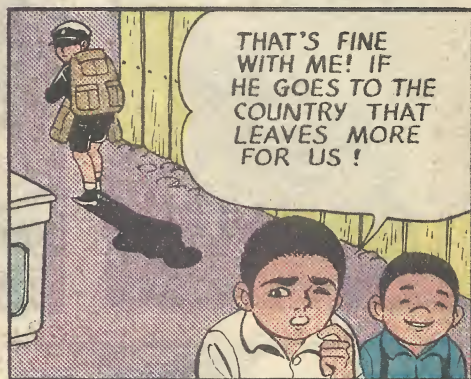
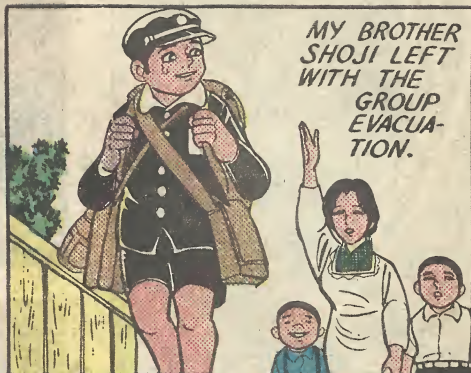
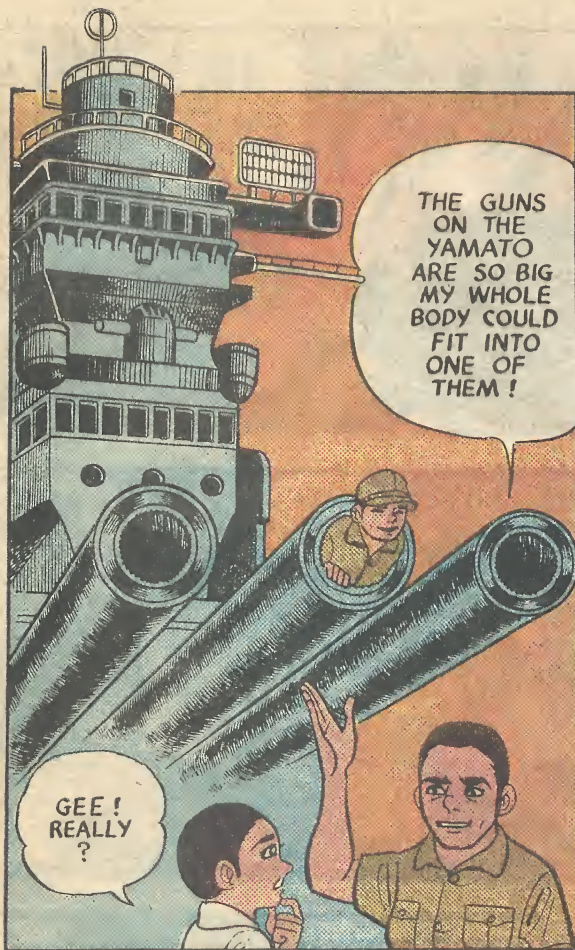
IN SHORT,  
WE SPENT  
EVERY DAY  
LOOKING  
FOR FOOD.



MY BROTHER YASUTO  
WAS DRAFTED TO  
WORK AT THE  
KURE SHIPYARD.

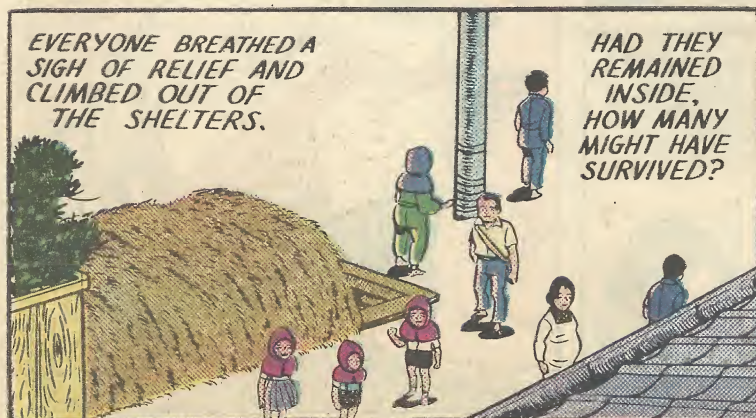
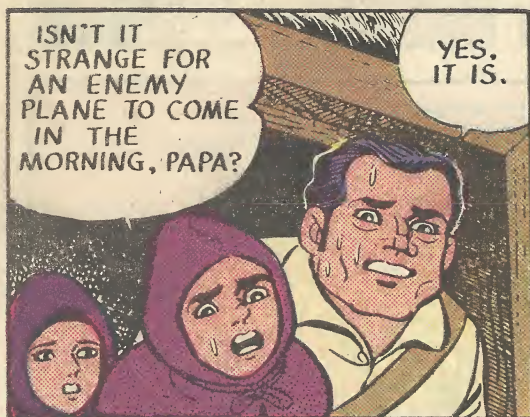
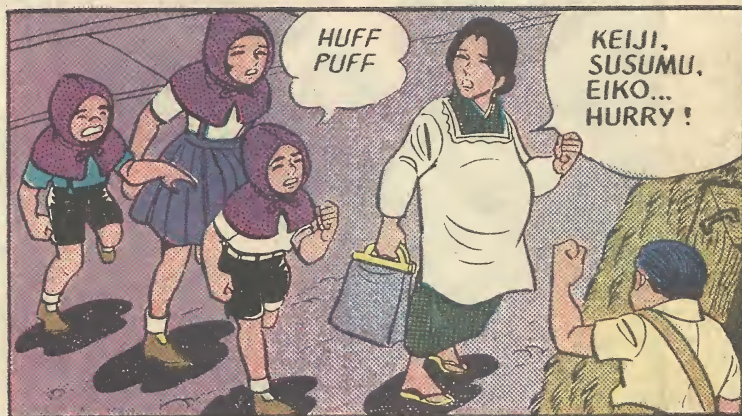
HE WAS PROUD  
THAT HE HAD  
WELDED THE  
HULL OF THE  
FAMOUS BATTLE-  
SHIP YAMATO.



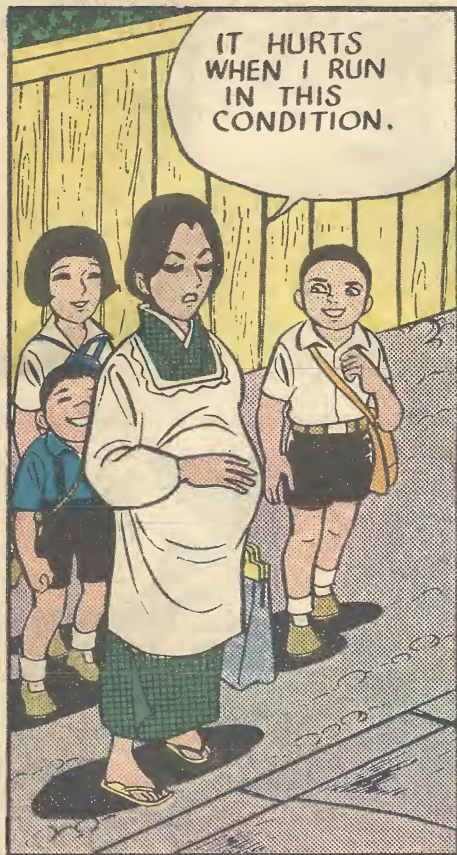




ON AUGUST 6, 1945, WHEN I WAS JUST A FIRST-GRADER, I WITNESSED A HOLOCAUST THAT LEFT AN INDELIBLE MARK ON HISTORY.





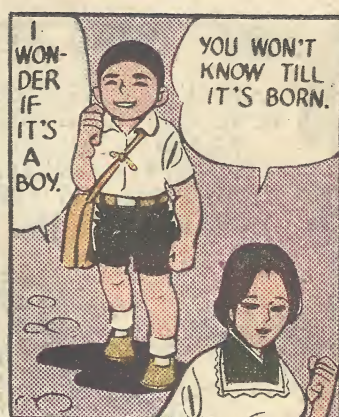


IT HURTS  
WHEN I RUN  
IN THIS  
CONDITION.



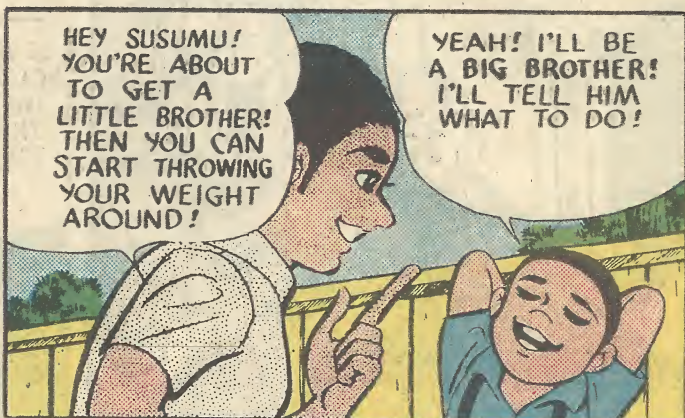
WHEN'S THE  
BABY GONNA  
BE BORN.  
MAMA?

SOON  
!



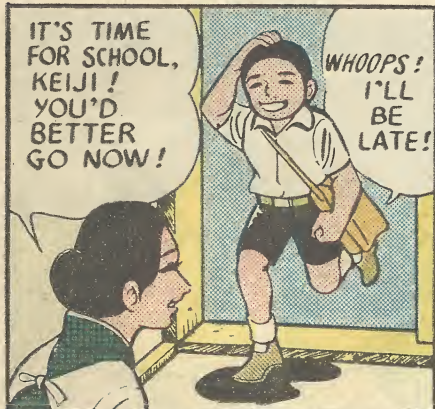
I  
WON-  
DER  
IF  
IT'S  
A  
BOY.

YOU WON'T  
KNOW TILL  
IT'S BORN.



HEY SUSUMU!  
YOU'RE ABOUT  
TO GET A  
LITTLE BROTHER!  
THEN YOU CAN  
START THROWING  
YOUR WEIGHT  
AROUND!

YEAH! I'LL BE  
A BIG BROTHER!  
I'LL TELL HIM  
WHAT TO DO!



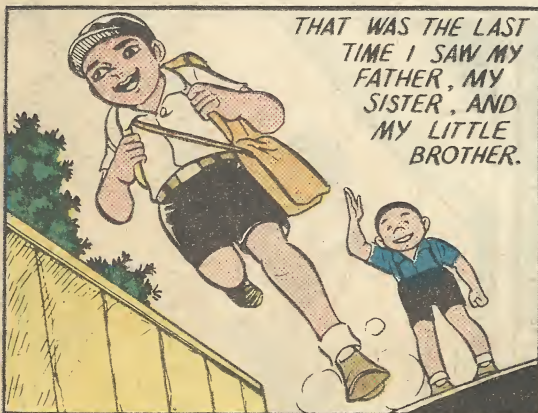
IT'S TIME  
FOR SCHOOL,  
KEIJI!  
YOU'D  
BETTER  
GO NOW!

WHOOPS!  
I'LL  
BE  
LATE!

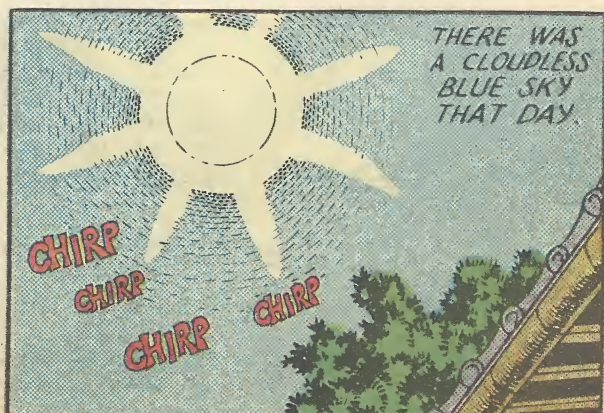


BE  
GOOD  
NOW  
!

BYE PAPA!  
BYE MAMA!  
C'MON SIS,  
YOU'D BETTER  
COME TOO!



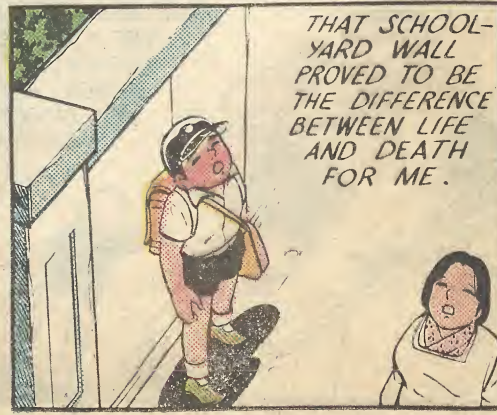
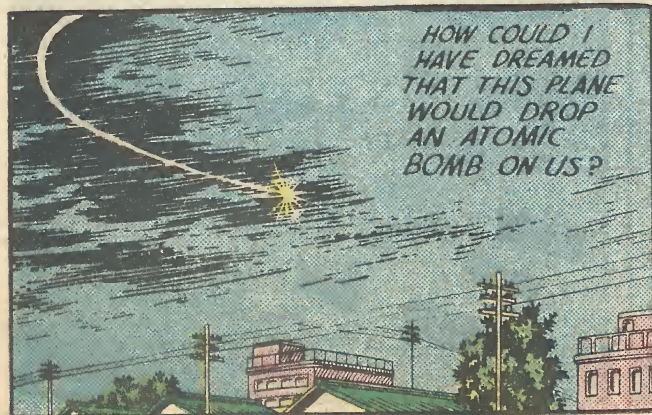
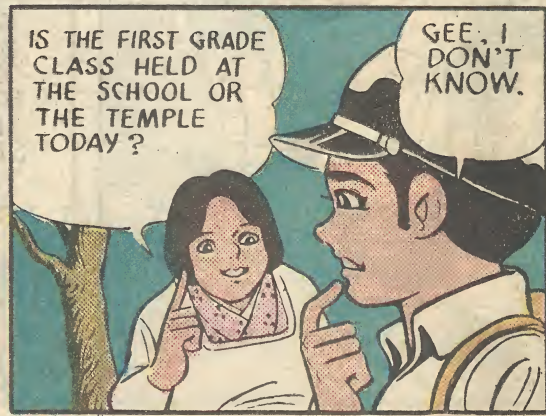
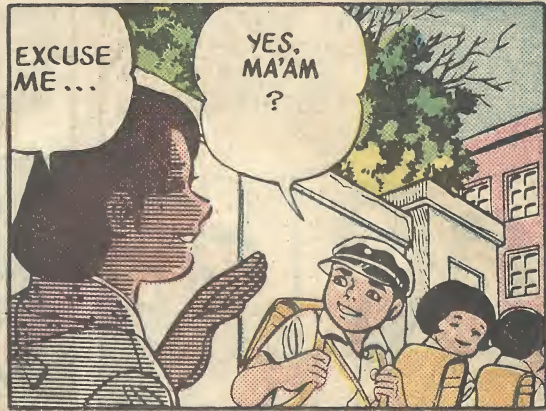
THAT WAS THE LAST  
TIME I SAW MY  
FATHER, MY  
SISTER, AND  
MY LITTLE  
BROTHER.



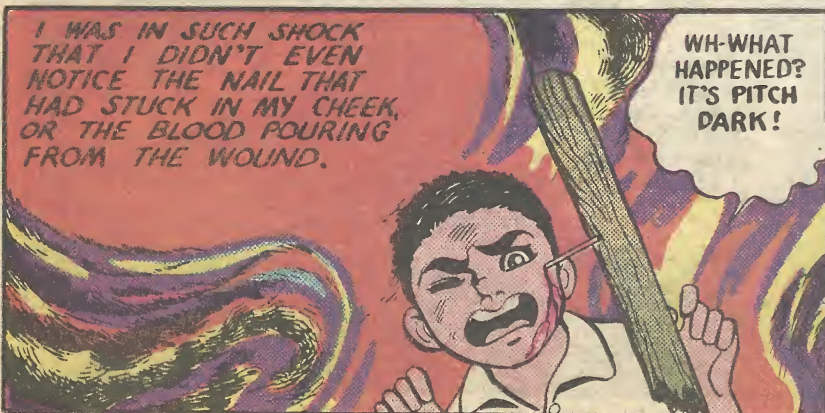
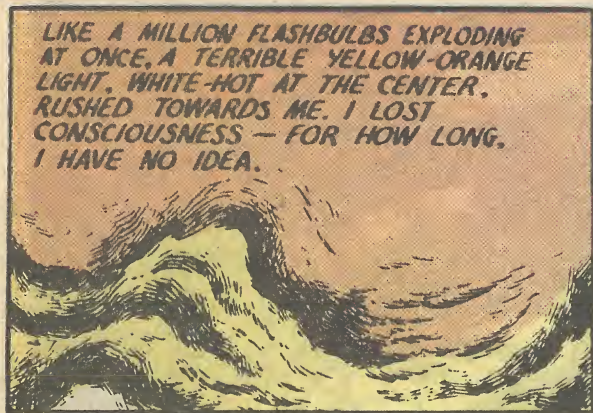
THERE WAS  
A CLOUDLESS  
BLUE SKY  
THAT DAY.

CHIRP  
CHIRP  
CHIRP  
CHIRP

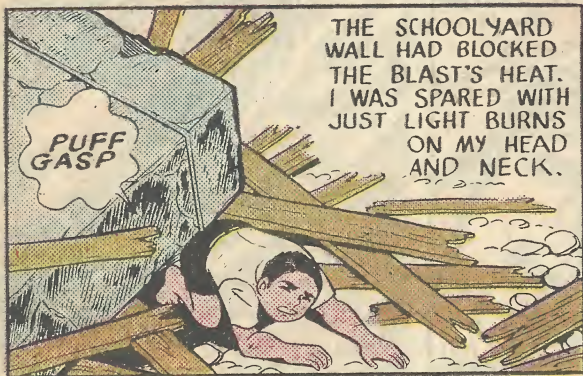
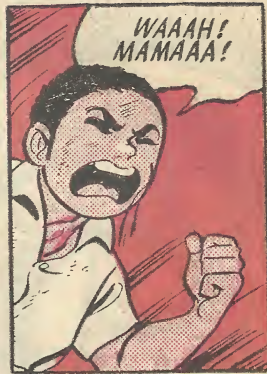
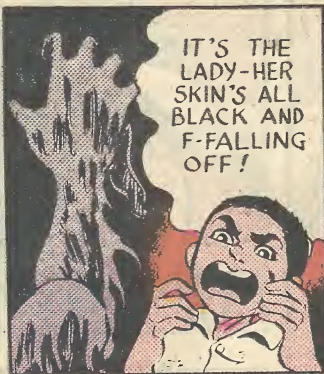




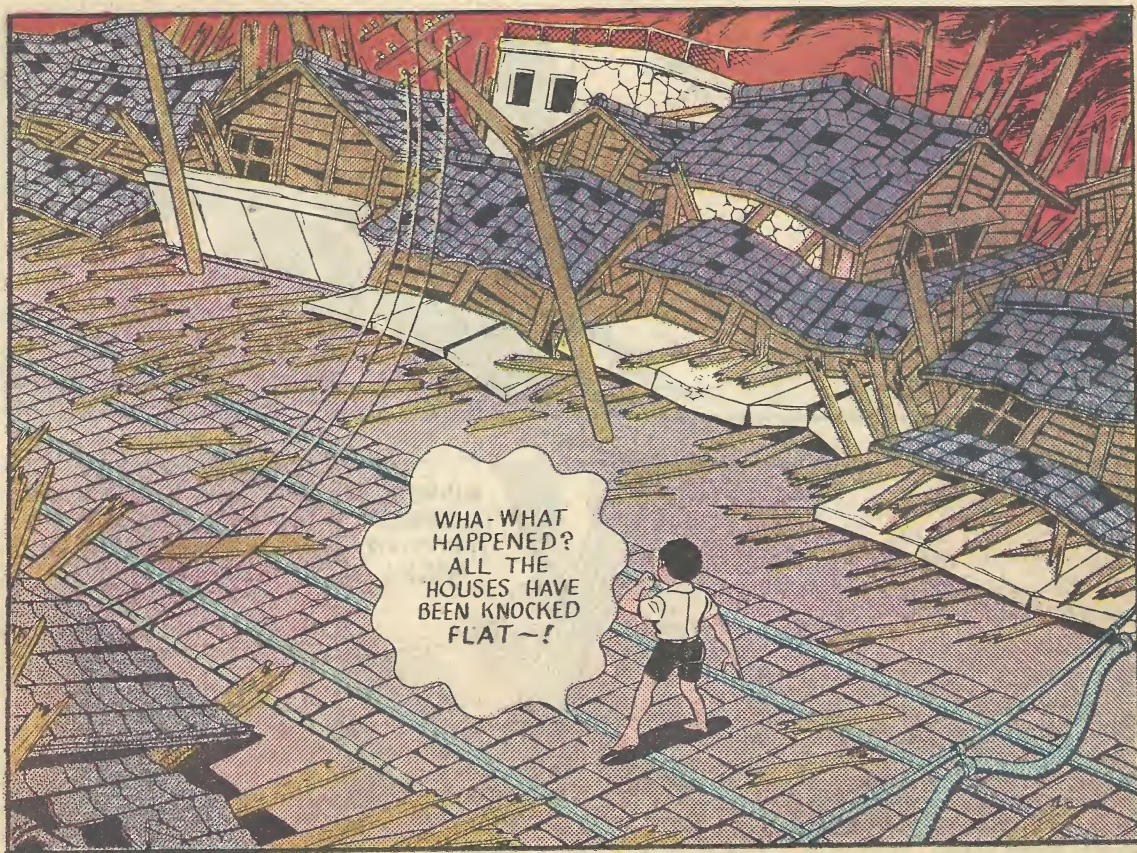




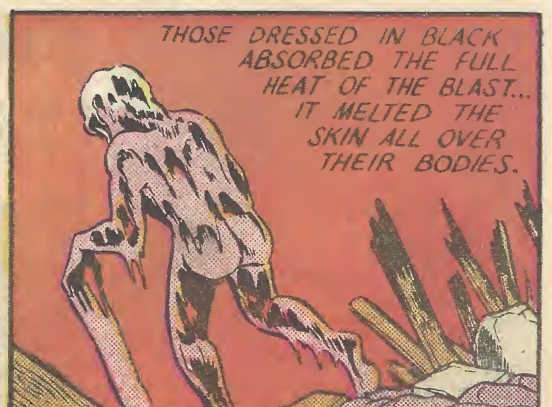




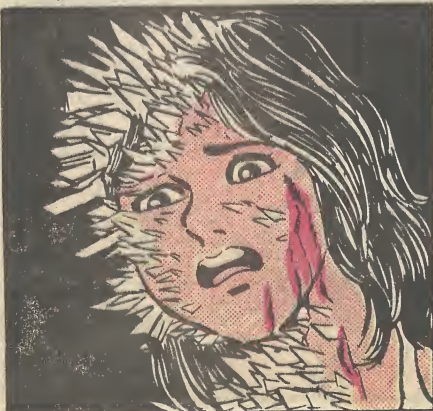
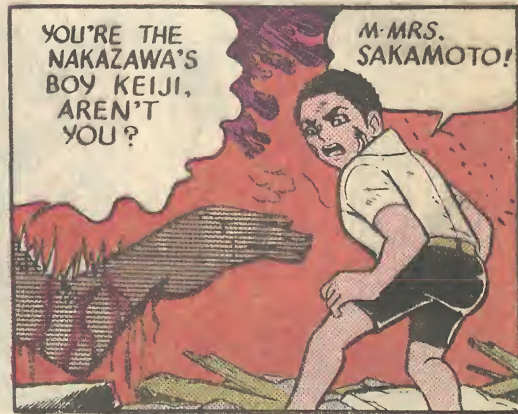
THE SCHOOLYARD WALL HAD BLOCKED THE BLAST'S HEAT. I WAS SPARED WITH JUST LIGHT BURNS ON MY HEAD AND NECK.



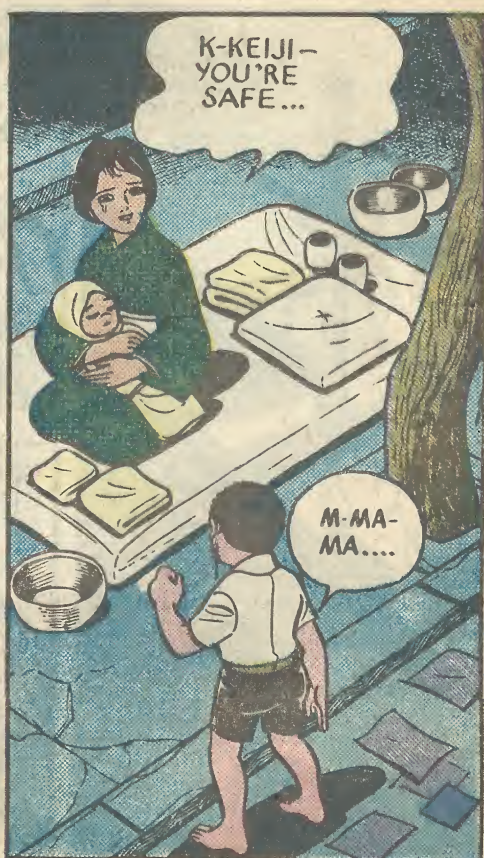
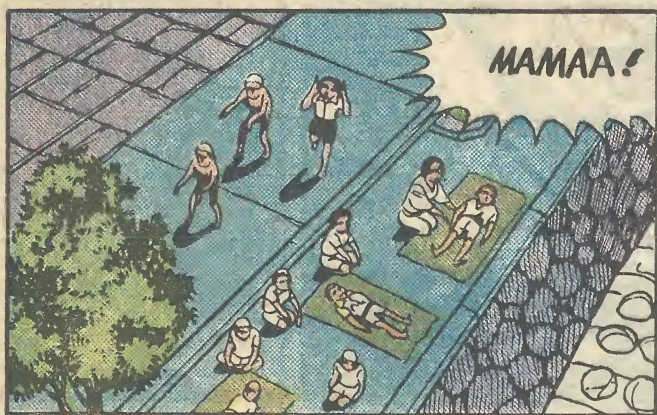
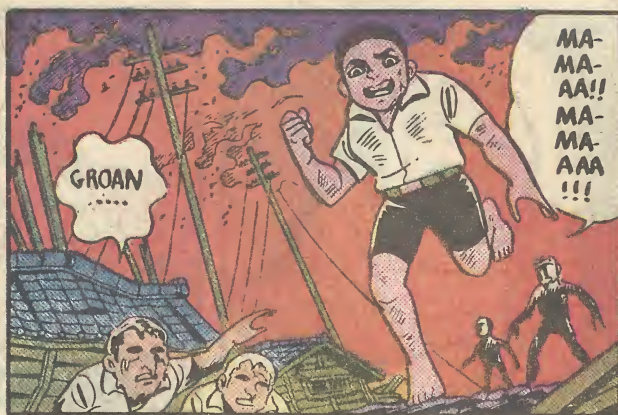




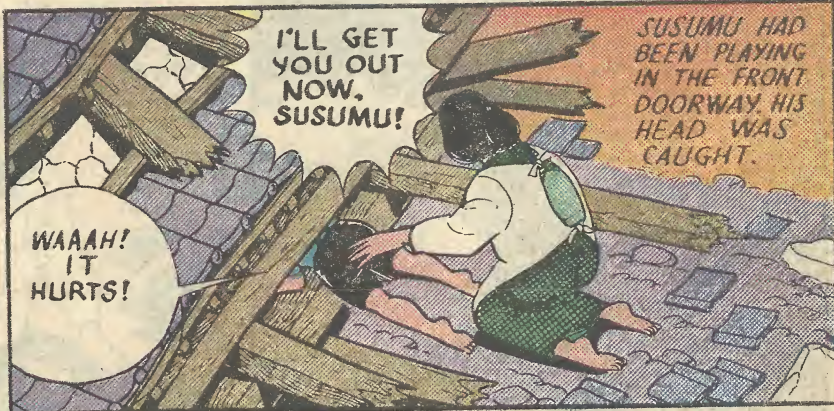
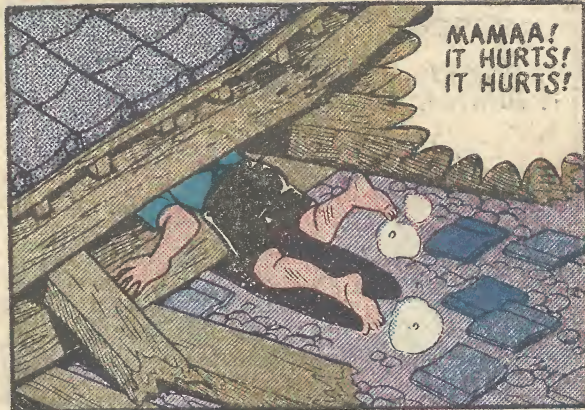
















IT HURTS!  
IT HURTS!

I GOT A  
PASSERBY  
TO HELP,  
BUT IT WAS  
NO USE.

UNHH...  
IT'S NO  
GOOD.  
THERE'S  
NOTHING  
WE CAN  
DO.



BEFORE I KNEW  
IT, WE WERE  
SURROUNDED  
BY FLAMES.



I SAT  
DOWN.

I MUST HAVE  
TAKEN LEAVE  
OF MY  
SENSES.



I WANTED  
TO DIE  
WITH  
THEM.

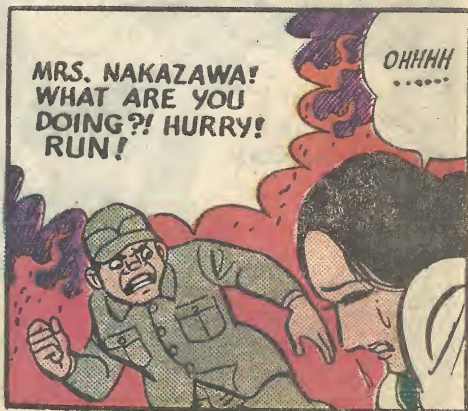
MAMAA!  
HELP!!  
IT HURTS!!

KIMIYO!  
KIMIYO!



EIKO DIDN'T  
MAKE A  
SOUND.

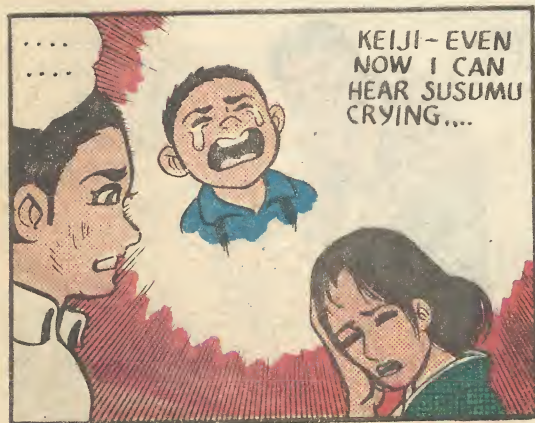
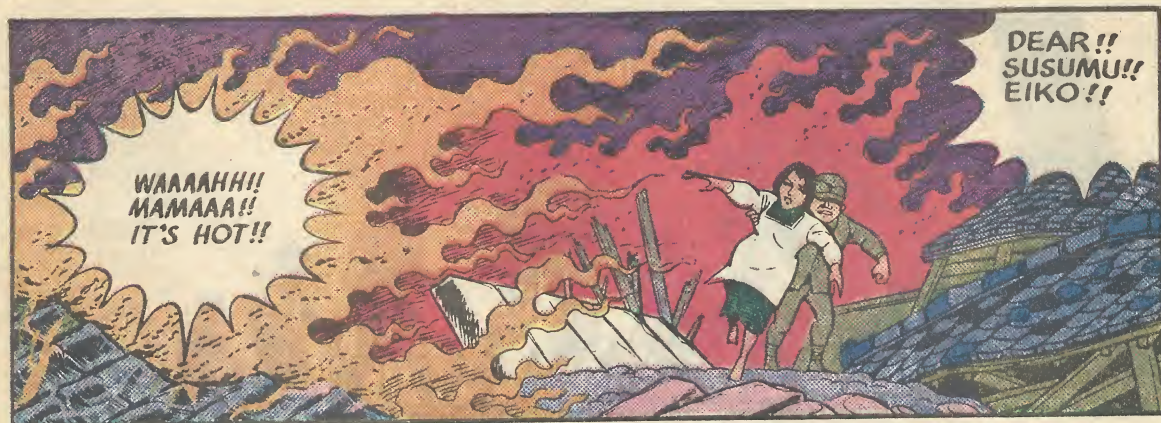
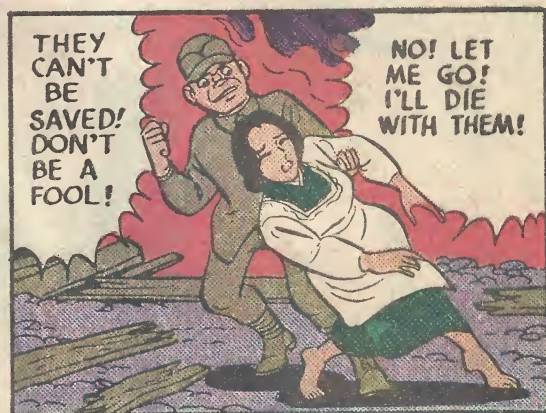
SHE MUST HAVE DIED  
INSTANTLY. IT WOULD  
HAVE BEEN MUCH  
EASIER FOR ME IF  
THE OTHERS HAD  
BEEN SILENT  
LIKE EIKO!



MRS. NAKAZAWA!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?! HURRY!  
RUN!

OHhhh  
.....









THE FIRES  
IN HIROSHIMA  
THAT NIGHT  
MADE THE  
CITY AS  
BRIGHT AS  
MIDDAY.



THE STREETS AND  
FIELDS OVERFLOWED  
WITH SURVIVORS.  
CRIES FOR  
WATER ECHOED  
EVERYWHERE.

PLEASE  
...  
WATER  
...

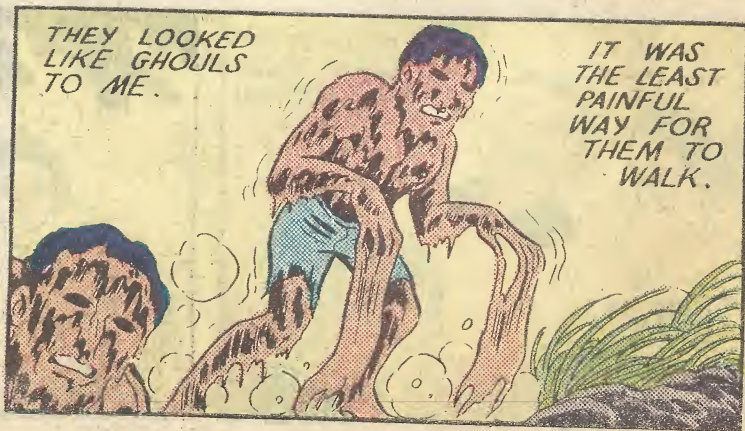
WATER  
...  
WATER  
...



AN ENDLESS  
PROCESSION  
OF LIVING  
SPECTERS  
FILED  
THROUGH  
THE EARLY  
DAWN.



THEY  
WALKED  
HUNCHED  
FORWARD,  
DRAGGING  
THEIR  
SKIN....



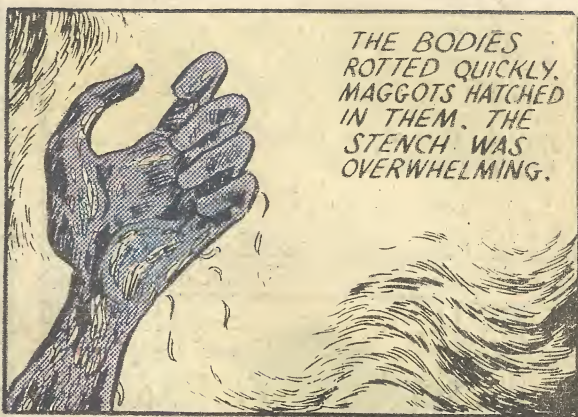
THEY LOOKED  
LIKE GHOULS  
TO ME.

IT WAS  
THE LEAST  
PAINFUL  
WAY FOR  
THEM TO  
WALK.





EVENTUALLY  
MOST OF THEM  
DIED IN THEIR  
TRACKS.  
CORPSES LAY  
EVERYWHERE.



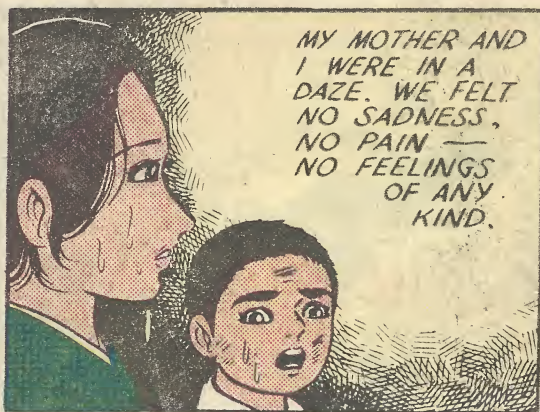
THE BODIES  
ROTTED QUICKLY.  
MAGGOTS HATCHED  
IN THEM. THE  
STENCH WAS  
OVERWHELMING.



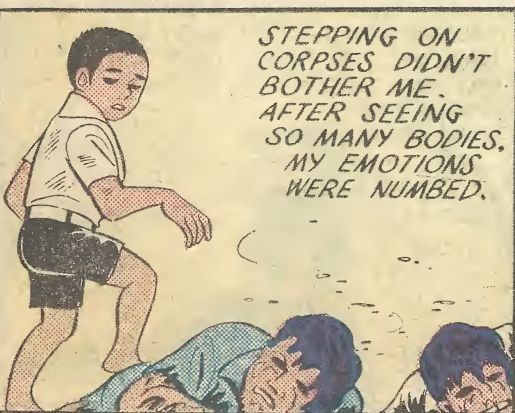
MY MOTHER AND  
I WAITED BY  
THE ROADSIDE  
FOR MY OLDEST  
BROTHER TO  
RETURN FROM  
THE KURE  
SHIPYARD.



MY NEWBORN  
SISTER NEVER  
CRIED — SHE  
SEEMED TO  
BE SLEEPING  
ALL THE TIME.



MY MOTHER AND  
I WERE IN A  
DAZE. WE FELT  
NO SADNESS,  
NO PAIN —  
NO FEELINGS OF  
ANY  
KIND.



STEPPING ON  
CORPSES DIDN'T  
BOTHER ME.  
AFTER SEEING  
SO MANY BODIES,  
MY EMOTIONS  
WERE NUMBED.

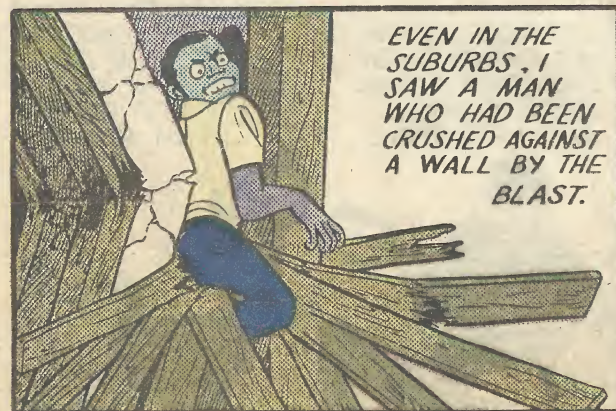
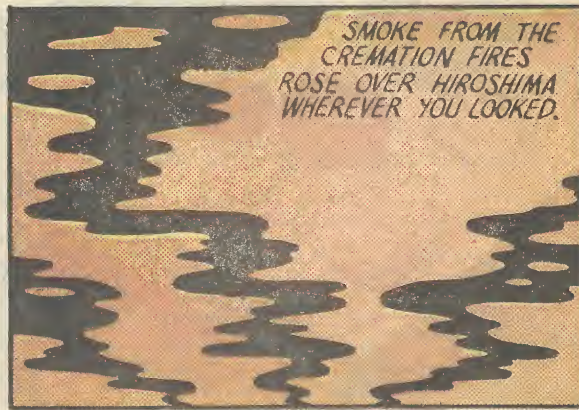
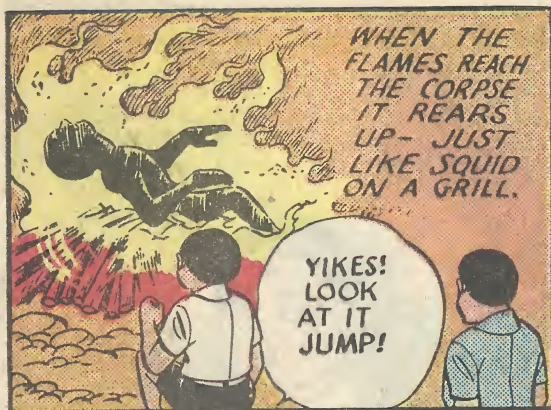
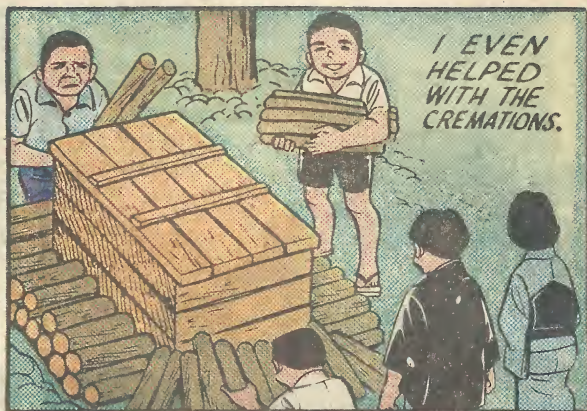
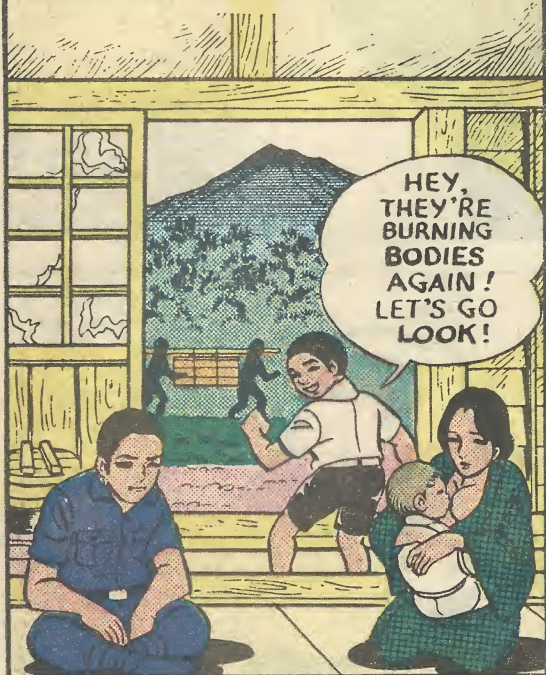


SOLDIERS DISTRIBUTED  
RICE CAKES, BUT  
THE SURROUNDING  
STENCH MADE  
US NAUSEOUS.

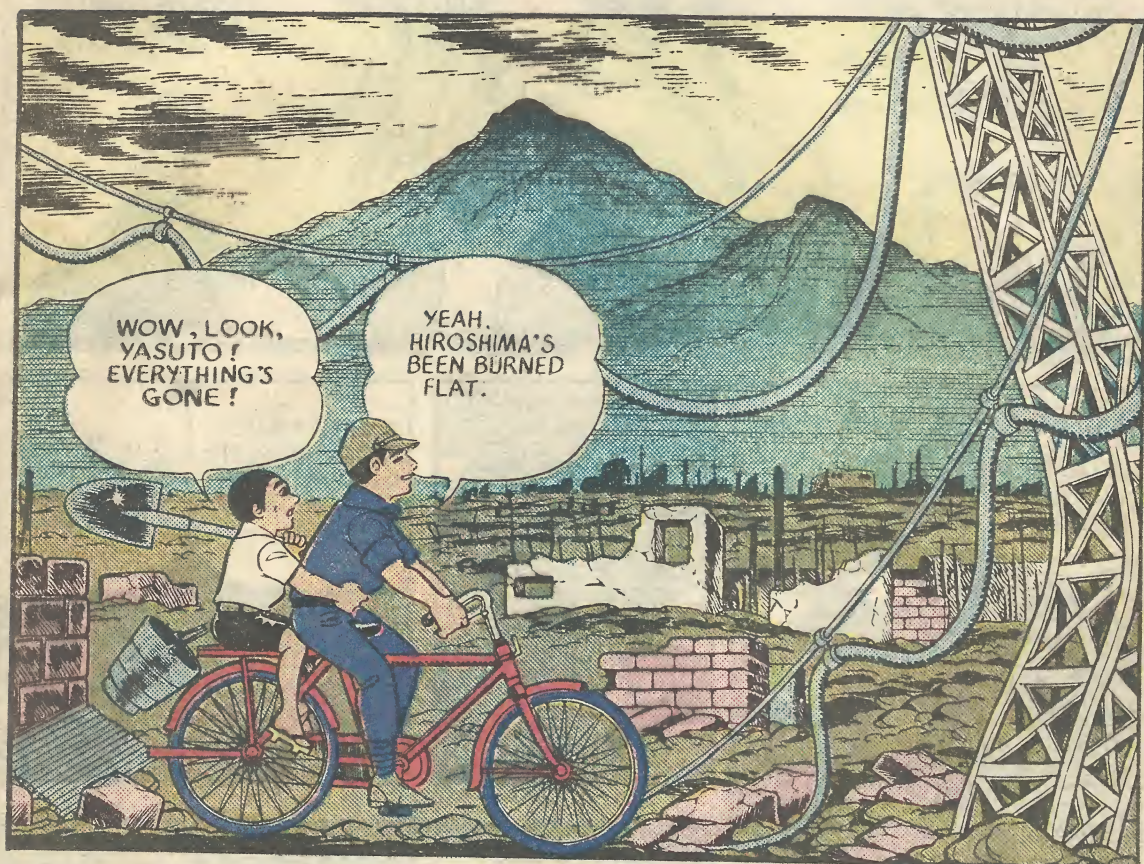
WE COULDN'T  
EVEN EAT  
THE RICE  
WE'D CRAVED  
FOR SO LONG.



MY BROTHER FINALLY CAME BACK,  
AND WE ALL MOVED TO THE  
HOUSE OF AN ACQUAINTANCE  
IN THE VILLAGE OF EBA.  
DAY AFTER DAY, CORPSES  
WERE CARRIED BY...







CHARRED  
BODIES  
LAY HERE  
AND THERE  
IN THE  
SMOLDERING  
RUINS.



EVERY WATER TANK  
HELD CORPSES, BLOATED  
AND RED AS WATERMELONS—  
PEOPLE WHO HAD TRIED  
TO ESCAPE THE HEAT  
OF THE FIRE.

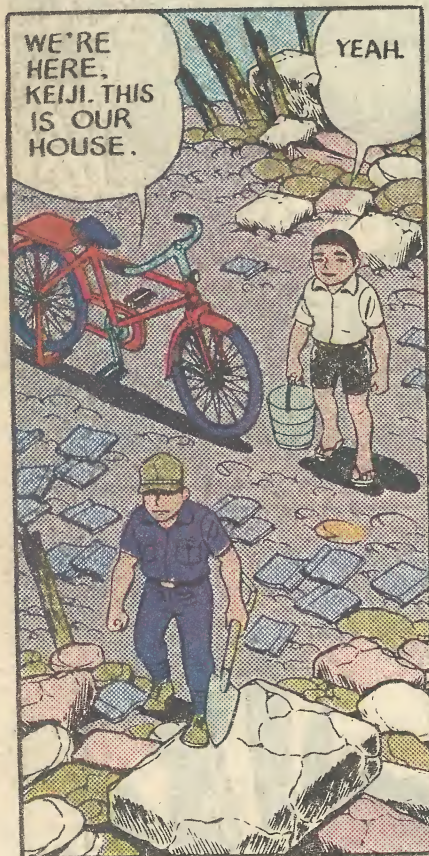






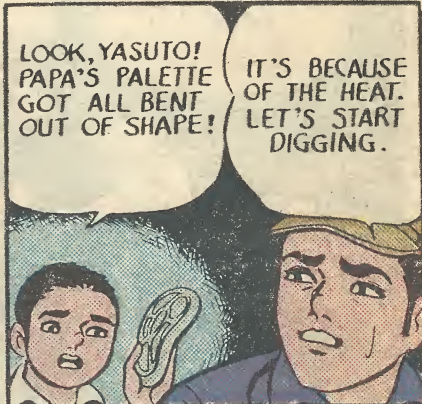
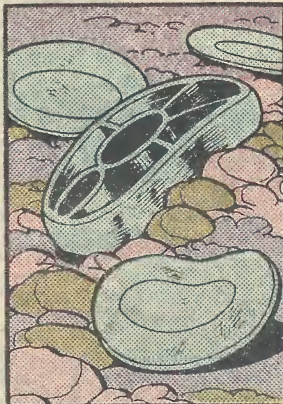
AROUND THIS TIME, PEOPLE WHO HAD COME INTO HIROSHIMA AFTER THE BOMB FELL, WERE LOSING THEIR HAIR, GETTING SEVERE DIARRHEA, AND DYING.

THEY WERE BEING POISONED BY THE RADIATION LINGERING IN THE CITY.



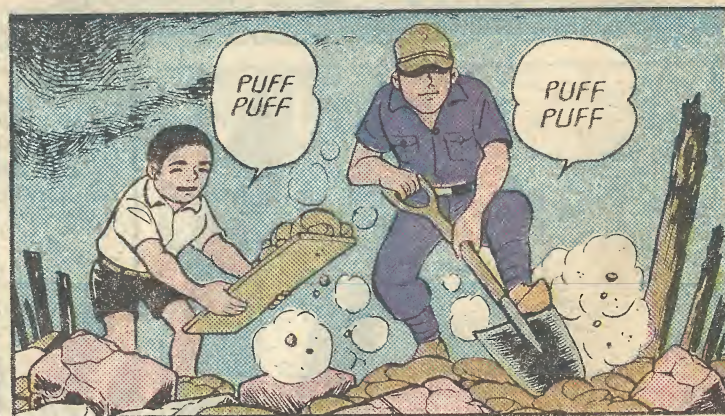
WE'RE HERE, KEIJI. THIS IS OUR HOUSE.

YEAH.



LOOK, YASUTO! PAPA'S PALETTE GOT ALL BENT OUT OF SHAPE!

IT'S BECAUSE OF THE HEAT. LET'S START DIGGING.



PUFF PUFF

PUFF PUFF



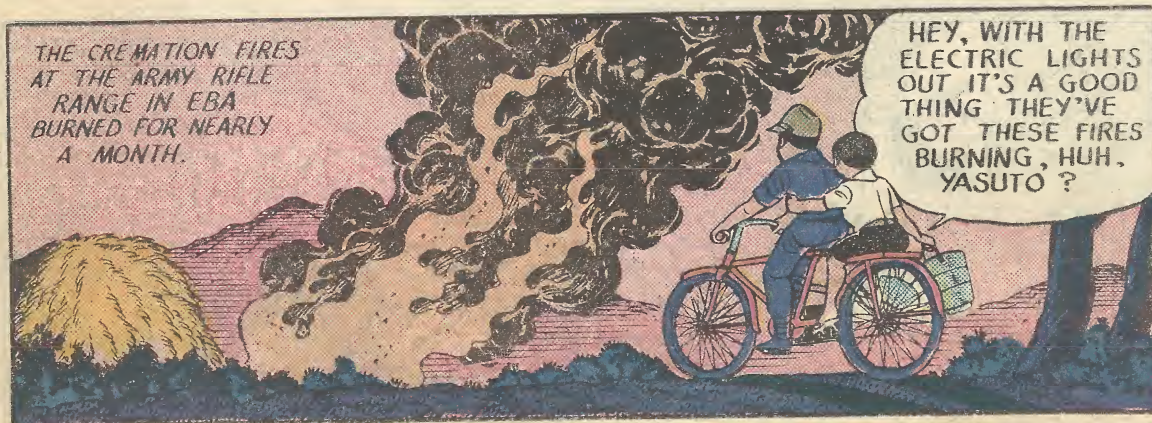
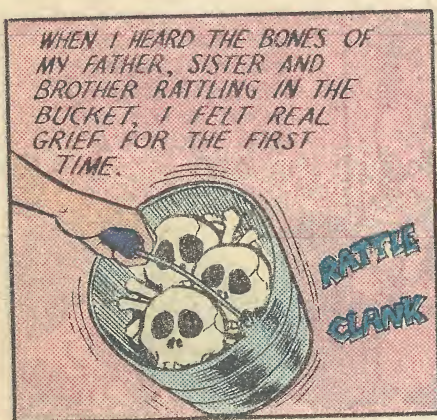
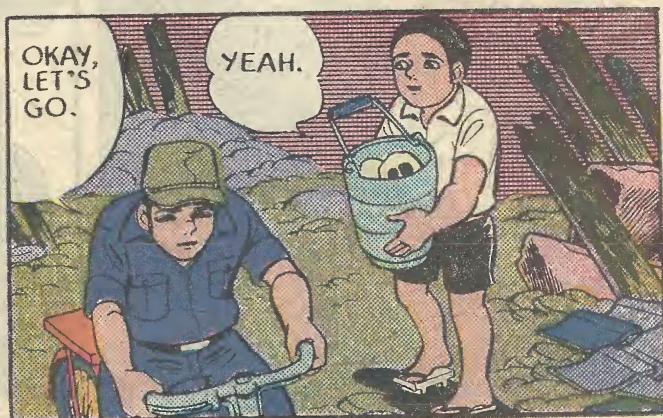
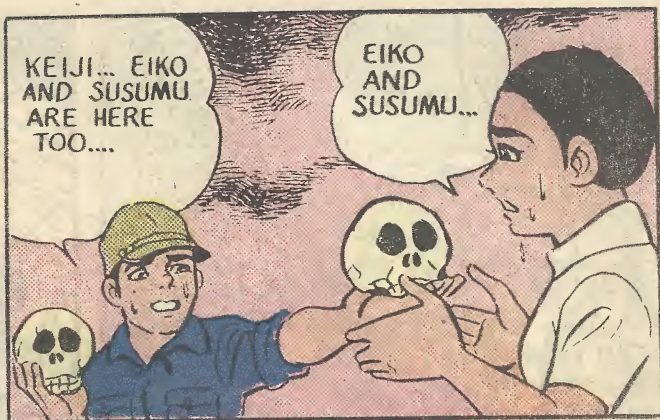
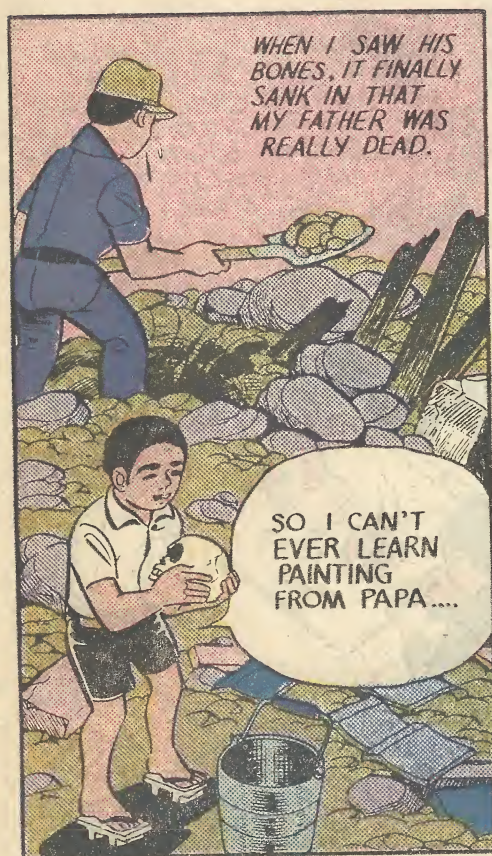
KEIJI— WE FOUND 'EM.



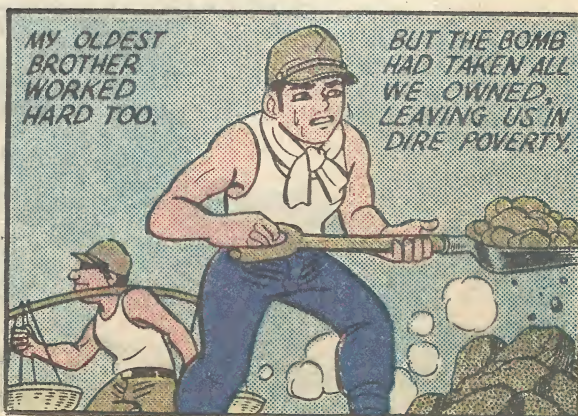
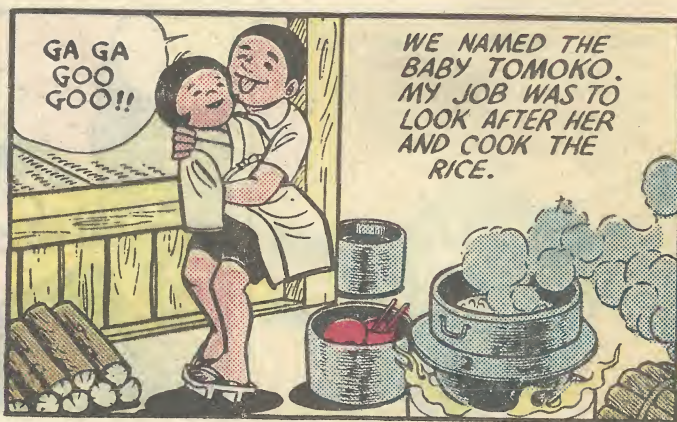
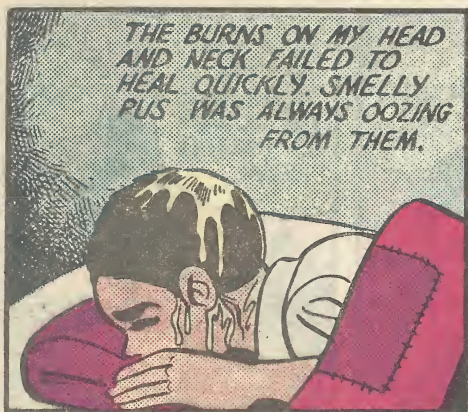
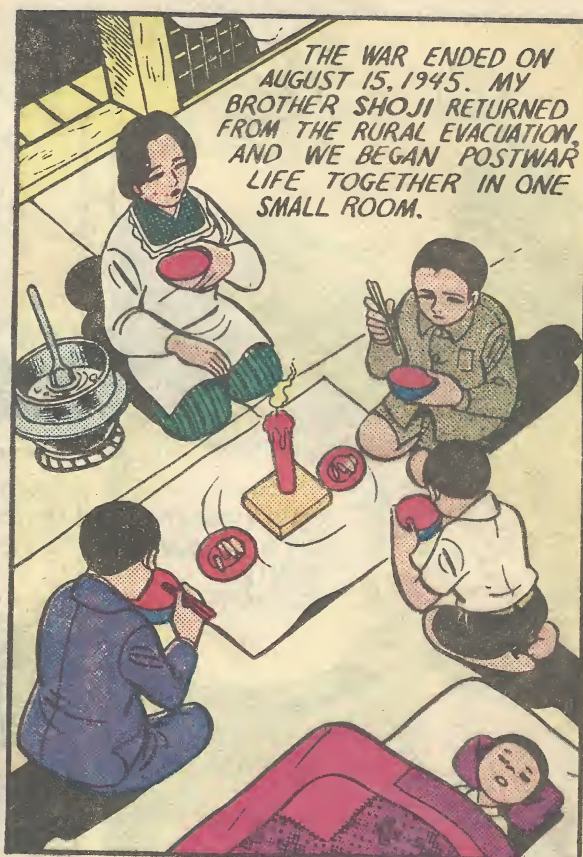
THIS ONE IS PAPA.

PAPA ....

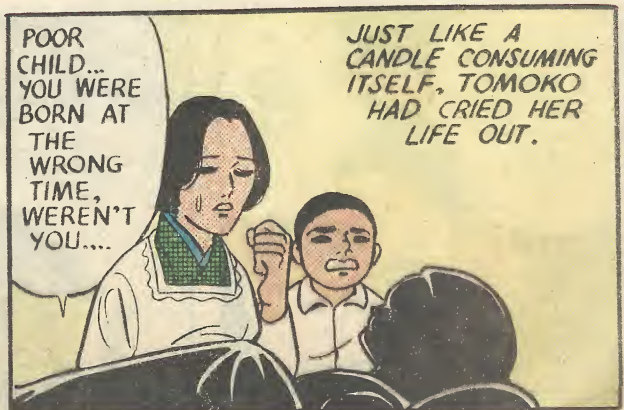
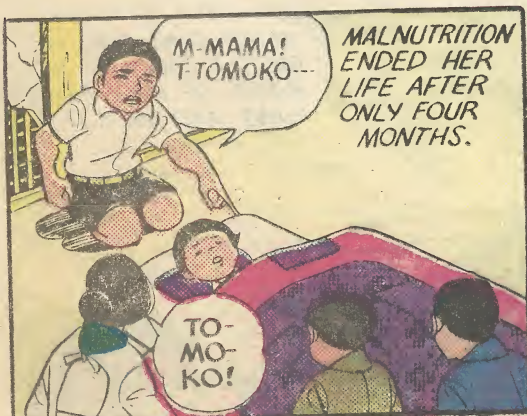
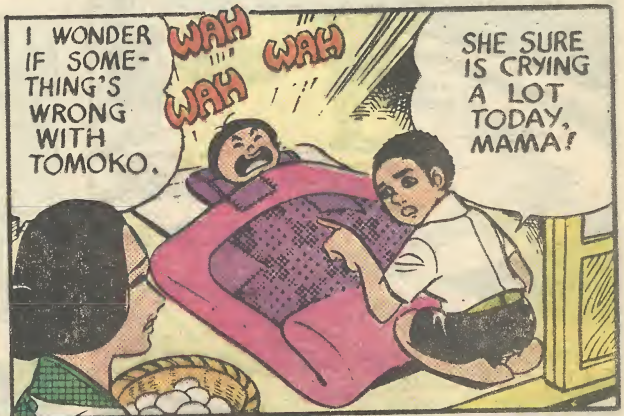
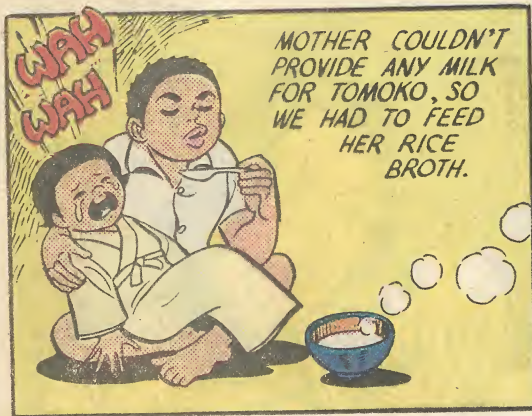
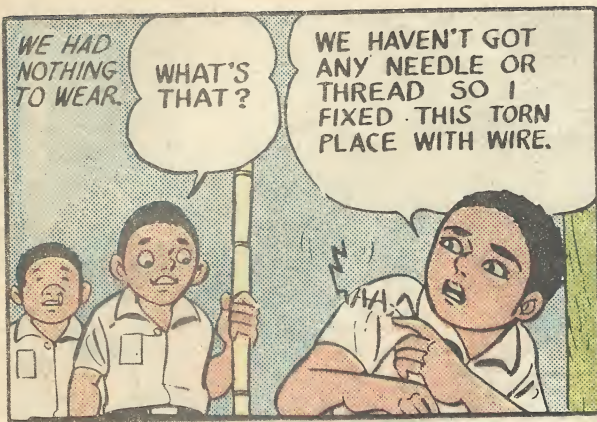






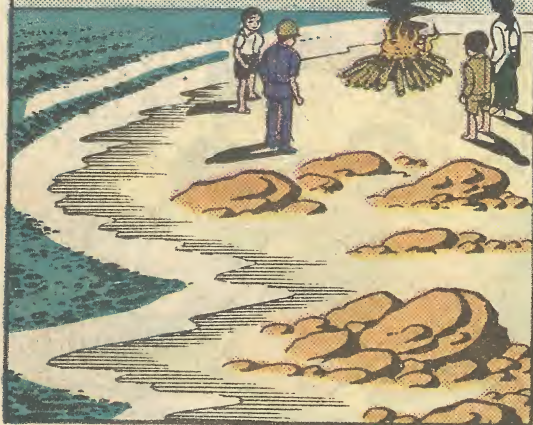








WE GATHERED  
DRIFTWOOD AT  
THE BEACH  
AND CREMATED  
TOMOKO THERE  
IN AN ORANGE  
CRATE.



THE WARMTH FROM THE  
LITTLE BODY I'D  
CARRIED ON MY BACK  
SO OFTEN LASTED A  
LONG TIME.



MY MOTHER  
STARED AT  
THE FLAMES  
WITHOUT  
SHEDDING  
A TEAR.



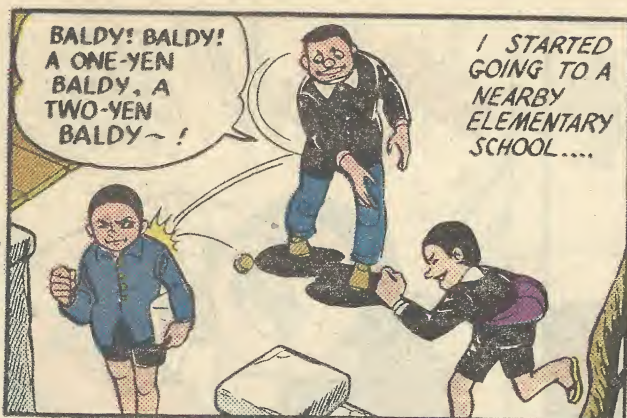
I SUPPOSE SHE  
DIDN'T HAVE  
TIME TO CRY...



IT WAS ALL  
SHE COULD  
DO TO FEED  
US AND KEEP  
HERSELF ALIVE.

BALDY! BALDY!  
A ONE-YEN  
BALDY, A  
TWO-YEN  
BALDY~!

I STARTED  
GOING TO A  
NEARBY  
ELEMENTARY  
SCHOOL....



WITH NO MEDICINE FOR TREATMENT,  
MY BURNS TOOK ALMOST A YEAR  
TO HEAL. THEY LEFT A BALD  
SPOT THAT MADE ME AN OBJECT  
OF CONSTANT RIDICULE.

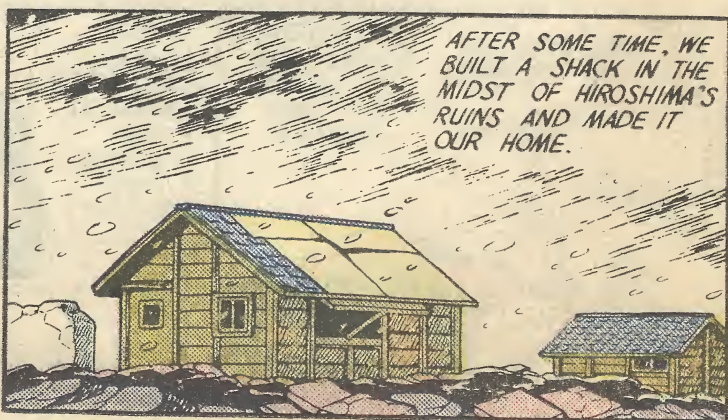


D-DAMN IT!!  
I DIDN'T  
ASK TO  
LOSE MY  
HAIR.

IT'S  
NOT  
FAIR.



AFTER SOME TIME, WE  
BUILT A SHACK IN THE  
MIDST OF HIROSHIMA'S  
RUINS AND MADE IT  
OUR HOME.

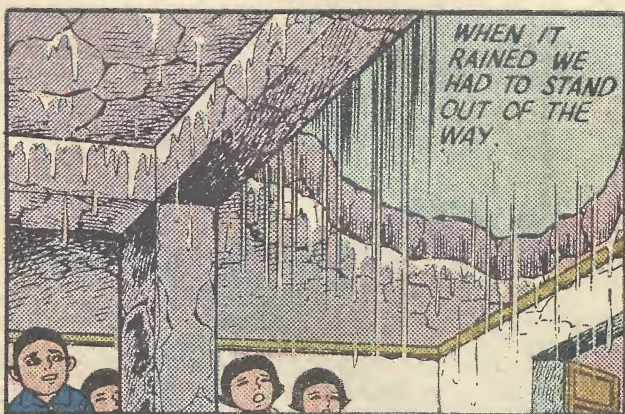




I ENTERED THE HONKAWA  
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, LOCATED  
IN THE CENTER OF HIROSHIMA.  
AT THAT TIME THE SCHOOL HAD  
NO WINDOWS, NO DESKS AND NO  
BOOKS.



WHEN IT  
RAINED WE  
HAD TO STAND  
OUT OF THE  
WAY.



YAAAH  
BALDY!

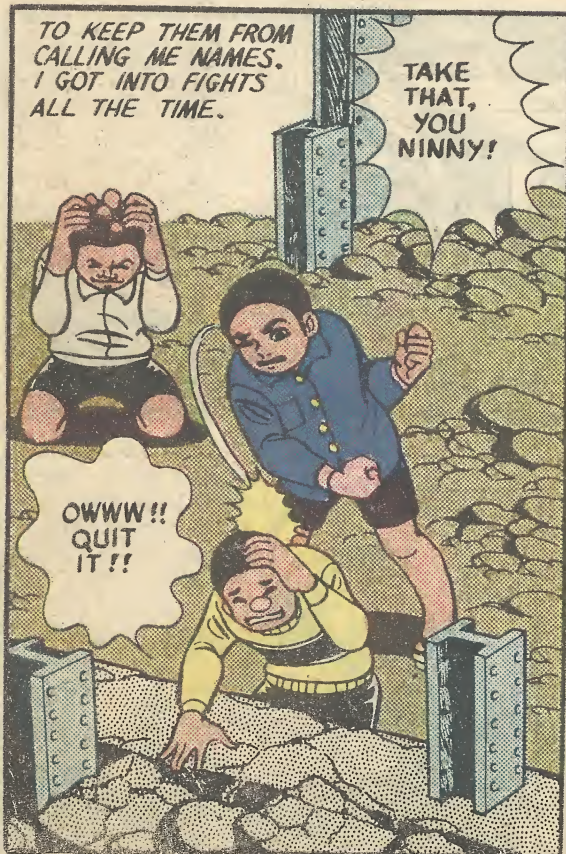
WHY,  
YOU  
...!



TO KEEP THEM FROM  
CALLING ME NAMES,  
I GOT INTO FIGHTS  
ALL THE TIME.

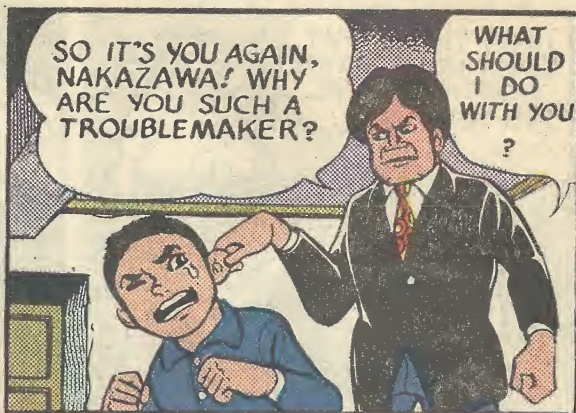
TAKE  
THAT,  
YOU  
NINNY!

OWWW!!  
QUIT  
IT!!

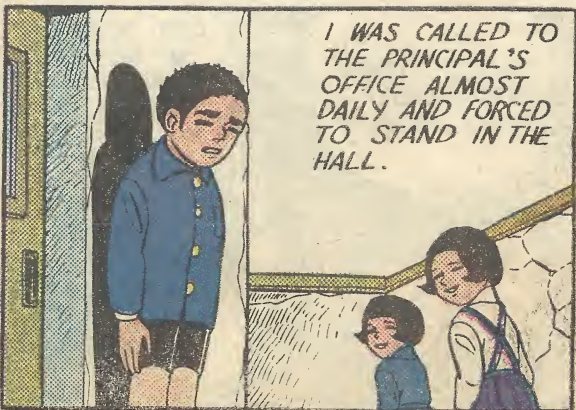


SO IT'S YOU AGAIN,  
NAKAZAWA! WHY  
ARE YOU SUCH A  
TROUBLEMAKER?

WHAT  
SHOULD  
I DO  
WITH YOU  
?

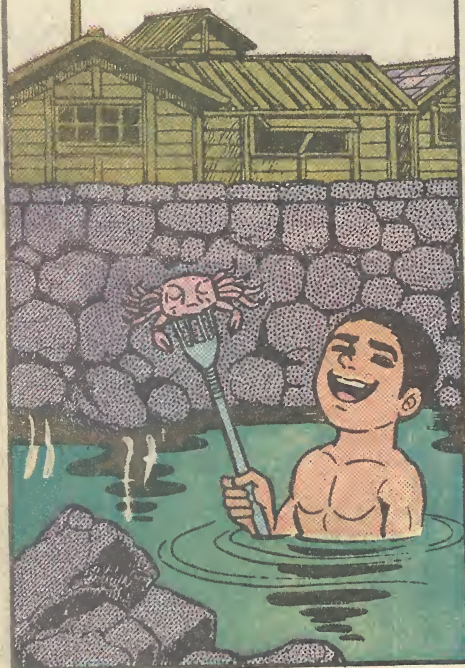


I WAS CALLED TO  
THE PRINCIPAL'S  
OFFICE ALMOST  
DAILY AND FORCED  
TO STAND IN THE  
HALL.





BY THE TIME I WAS IN  
THIRD GRADE, HOUSES  
HAD SPRUNG UP AGAIN  
ON THE BURNT PLAIN  
OF HIROSHIMA.



BUT NO MATTER HOW HARD  
MY MOTHER WORKED, WE  
WERE STILL DIRT-POOR.  
I ALWAYS KEPT MY  
EYES OPEN FOR FOOD.



SHE'S A REAL  
CUTIE  
MY CAN-CAN  
DANCING BABY...

MY BROTHER AND I PLANTED  
POTATOES, SQUASH AND  
OTHER VEGETABLES AMONG  
THE CHARRED RUINS.  
THIS ADDED  
VARIETY TO OUR  
DIET.

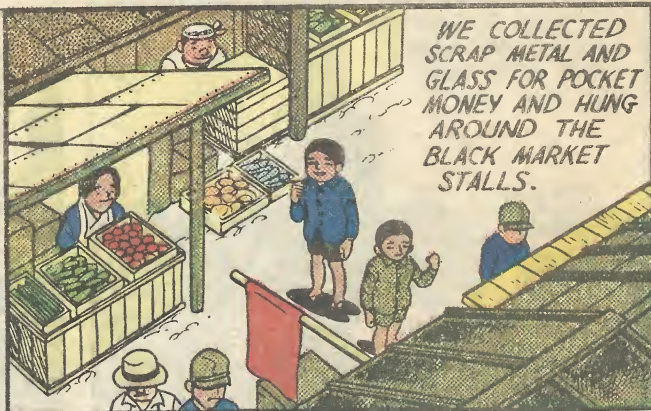


THINK THIS  
GLASS IS  
WORTH  
TEN YEN?

NAH,  
MAYBE  
FIVE.



WE COLLECTED  
SCRAP METAL AND  
GLASS FOR POCKET  
MONEY AND HUNG  
AROUND THE  
BLACK MARKET  
STALLS.



THAT'S EITHER  
DOG OR CAT  
MEAT, SHOJI!

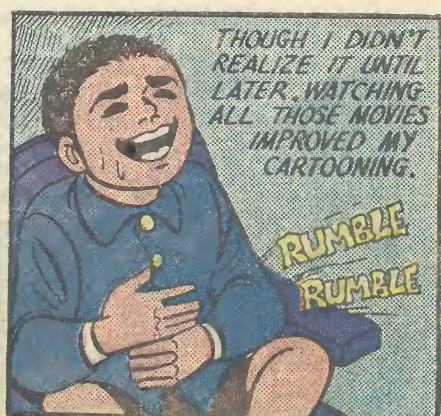
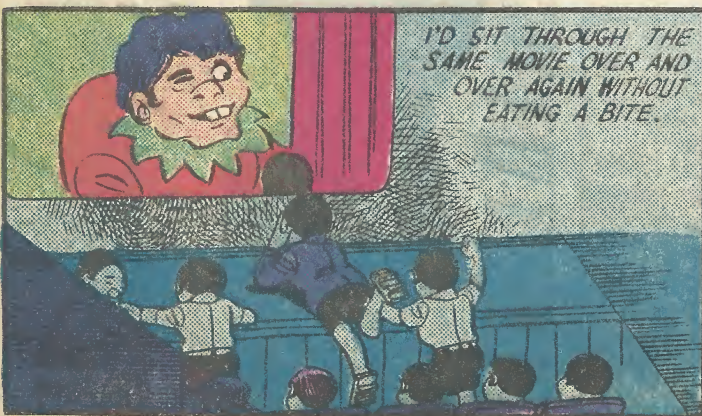
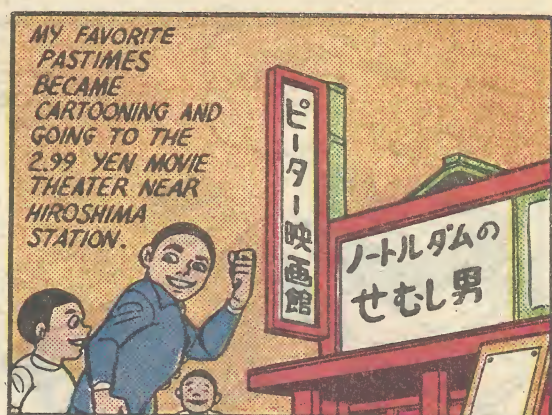
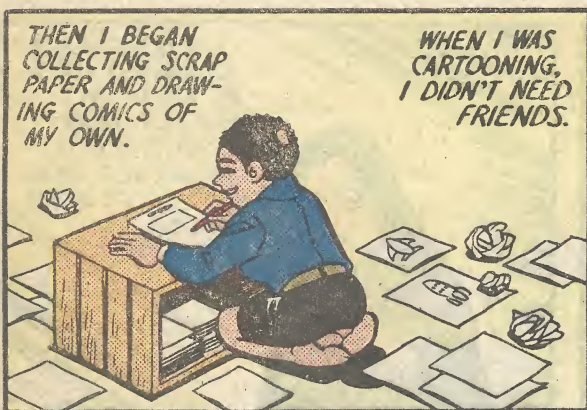
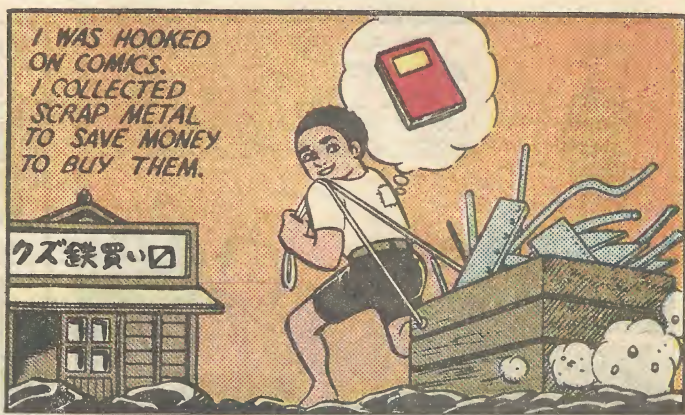
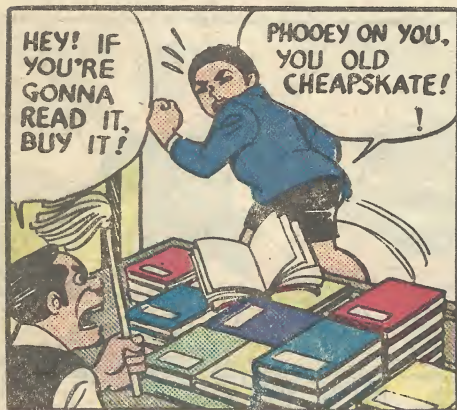
GET YOUR MEAT  
'N' NOODLES  
HERE! A TASTY  
HEAPING BOWL-  
FUL FOR ONLY  
15 YEN!



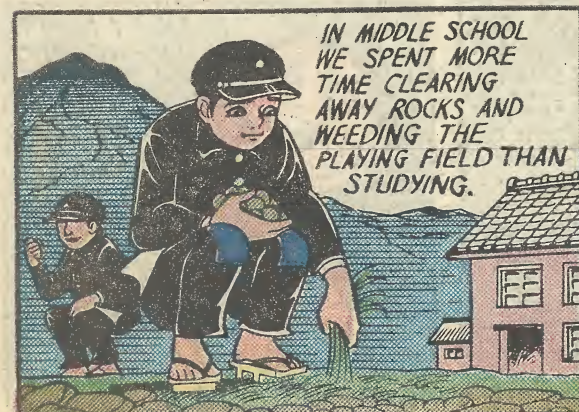
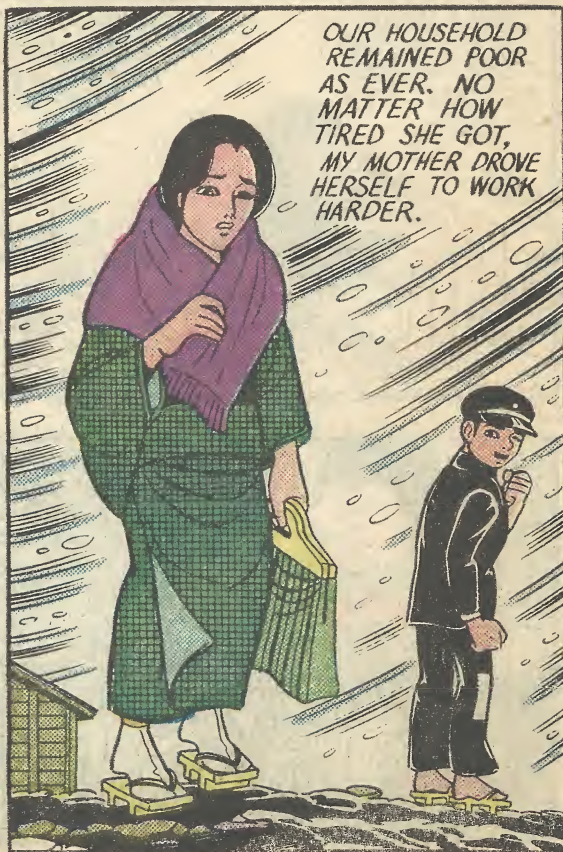
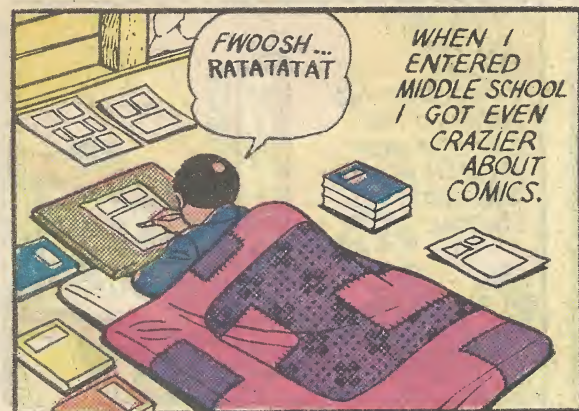
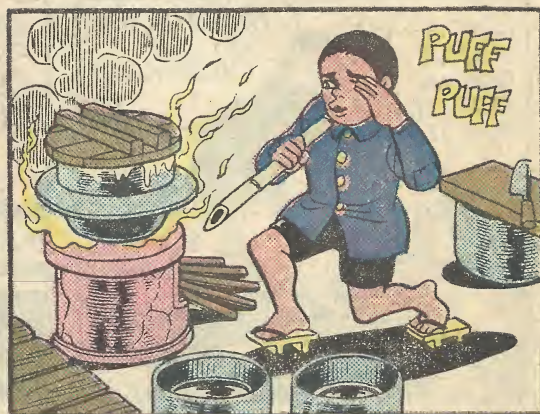
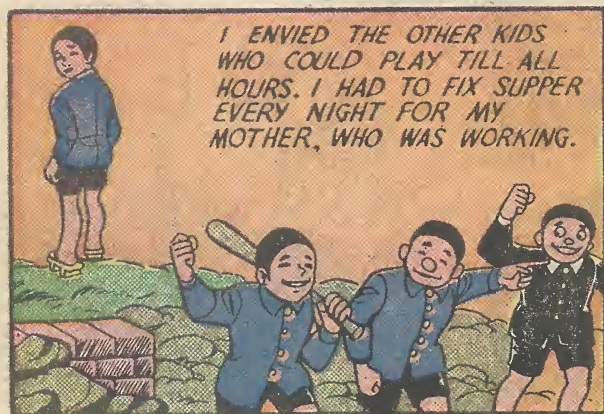
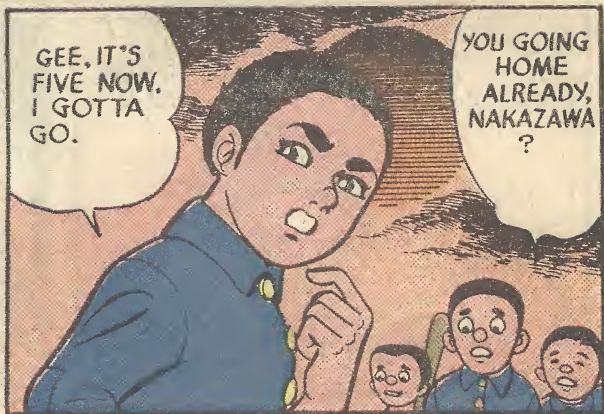
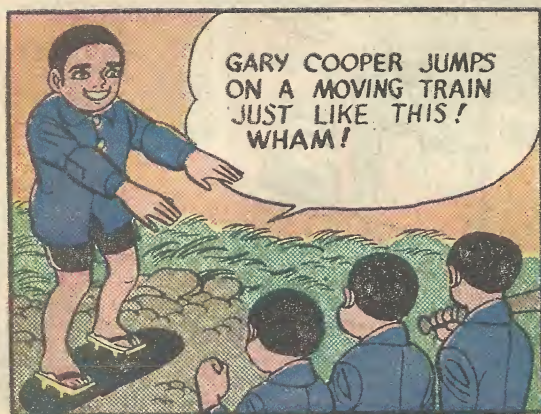
AROUND THAT TIME I  
FIRST LAID EYES ON  
SHIN-TAKARAJIMA,  
AN INCREDIBLY  
THICK COMIC  
BOOK BY  
OSAMU  
TEZUKA.



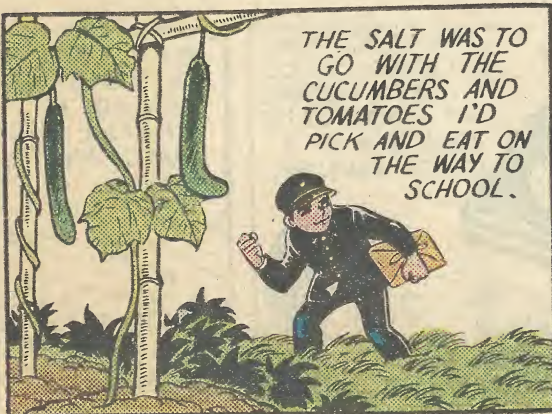
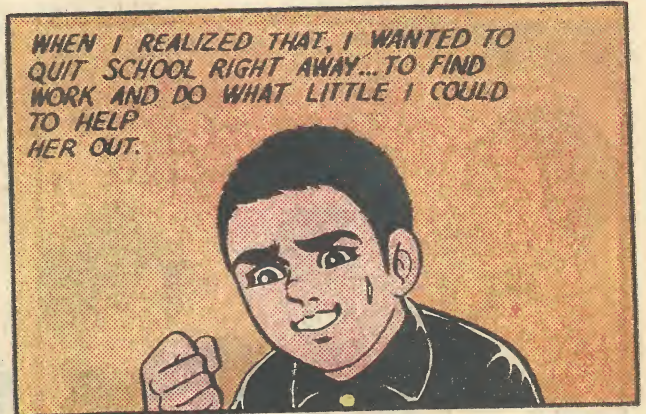
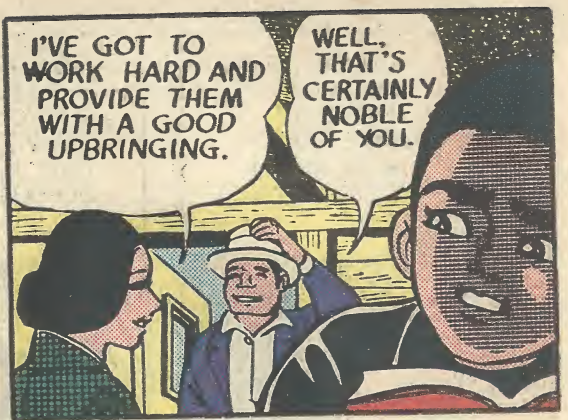
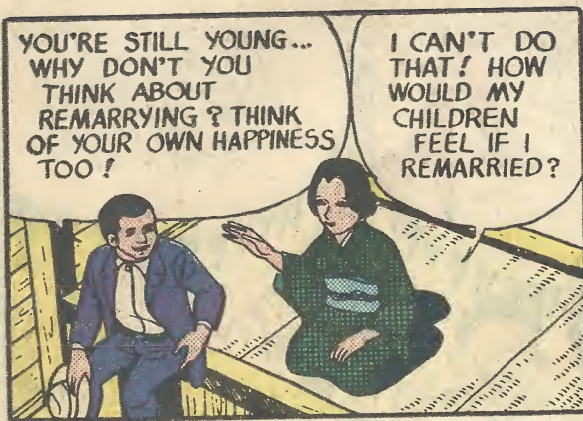




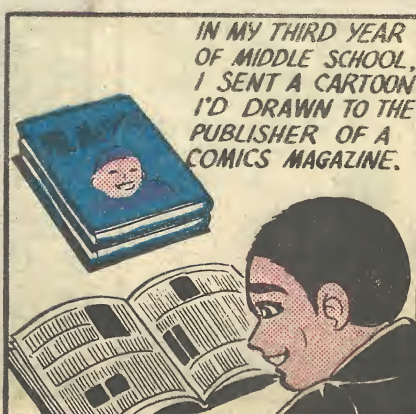
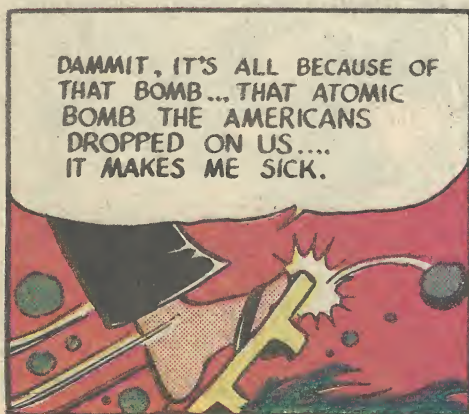
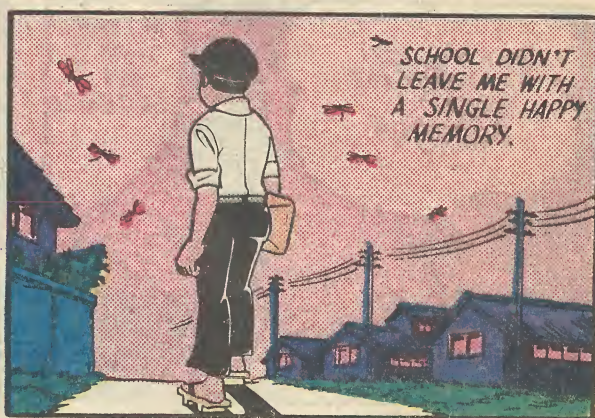
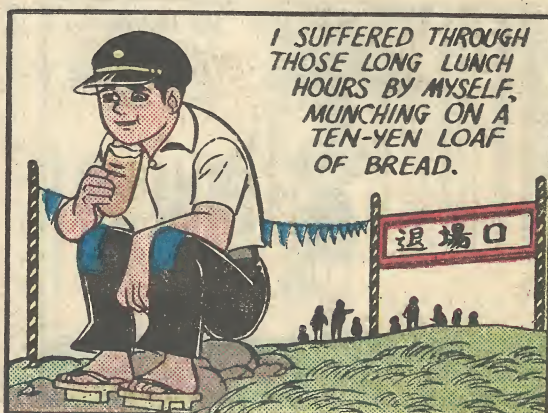




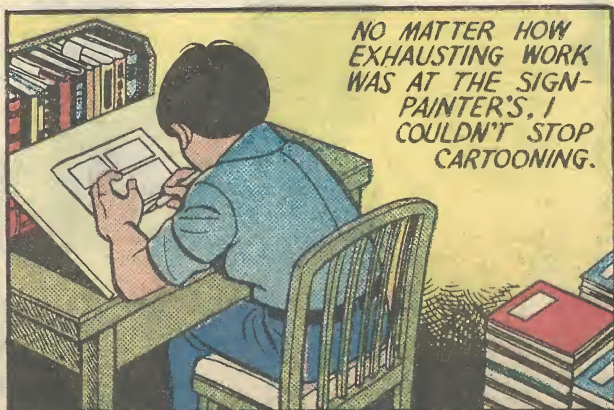
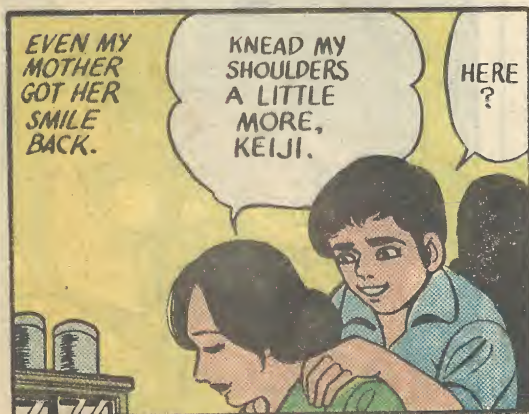
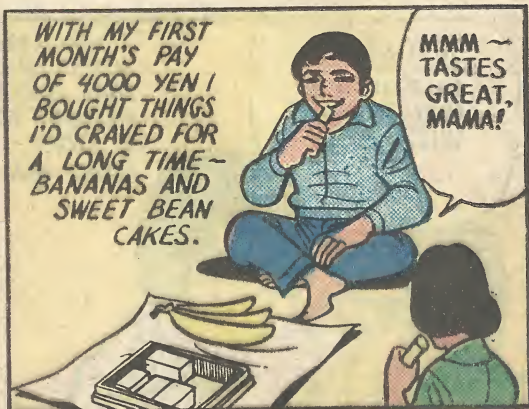




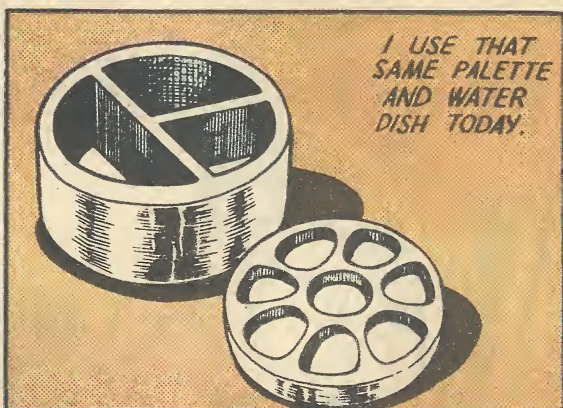
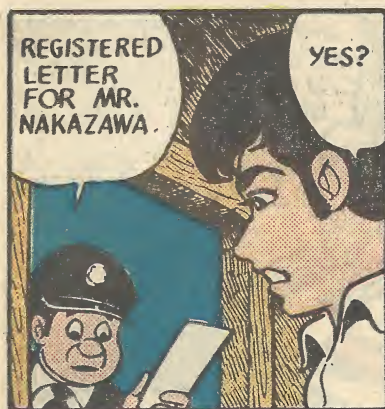
















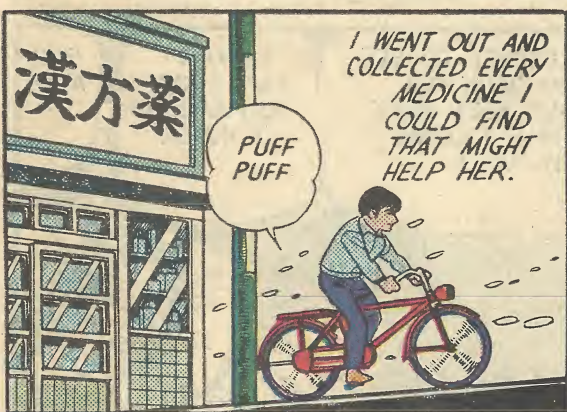
ONE NEW YEAR'S  
EVE, MY MOTHER  
SUFFERED A  
CEREBRAL  
HEMORRHAGE.

GASP  
WHEEZE



D-DOCTOR,  
IS SHE...?

TONIGHT IS THE  
CRITICAL POINT.  
YOU SHOULD  
PREPARE  
YOURSELF  
FOR THE  
WORST.



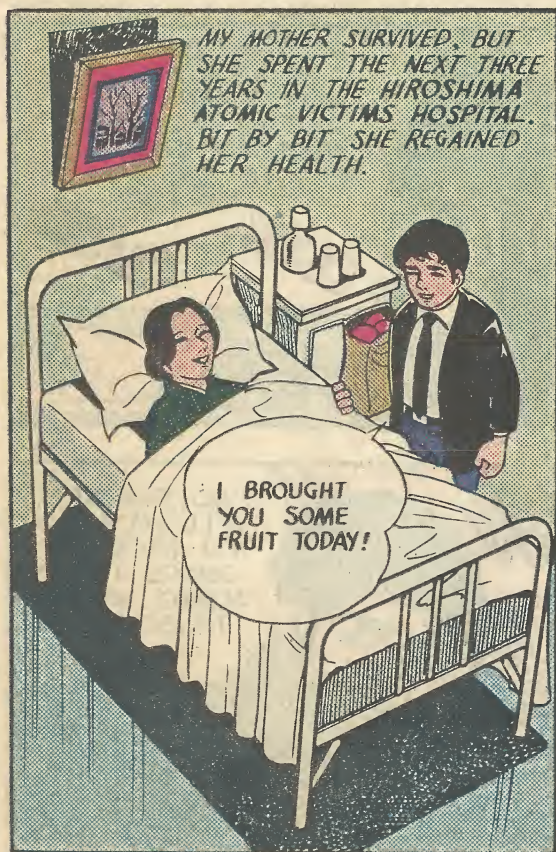
I WENT OUT AND  
COLLECTED EVERY  
MEDICINE I  
COULD FIND  
THAT MIGHT  
HELP HER.

PUFF  
PUFF



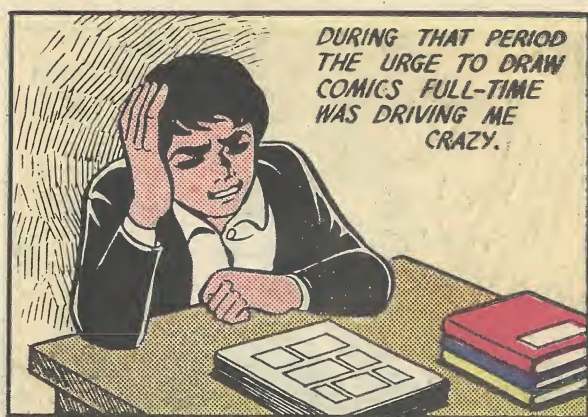
SHE CAN'T DIE YET!  
NOT AFTER ALL SHE'S  
BEEN THROUGH!

I WANT TO  
BE ABLE TO  
GIVE HER A  
FEW GOOD  
MEMORIES....



MY MOTHER SURVIVED, BUT  
SHE SPENT THE NEXT THREE  
YEARS IN THE HIROSHIMA  
ATOMIC VICTIMS HOSPITAL.  
BIT BY BIT SHE REGAINED  
HER HEALTH.

I BROUGHT  
YOU SOME  
FRUIT TODAY!



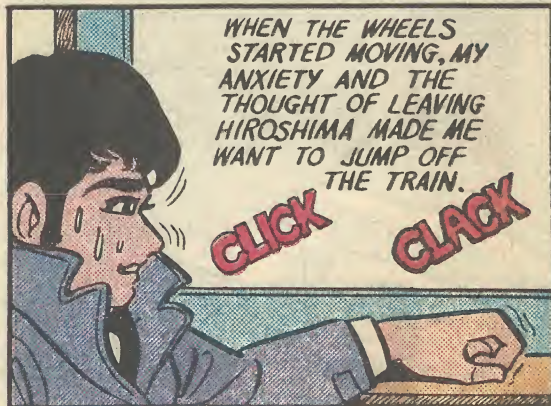
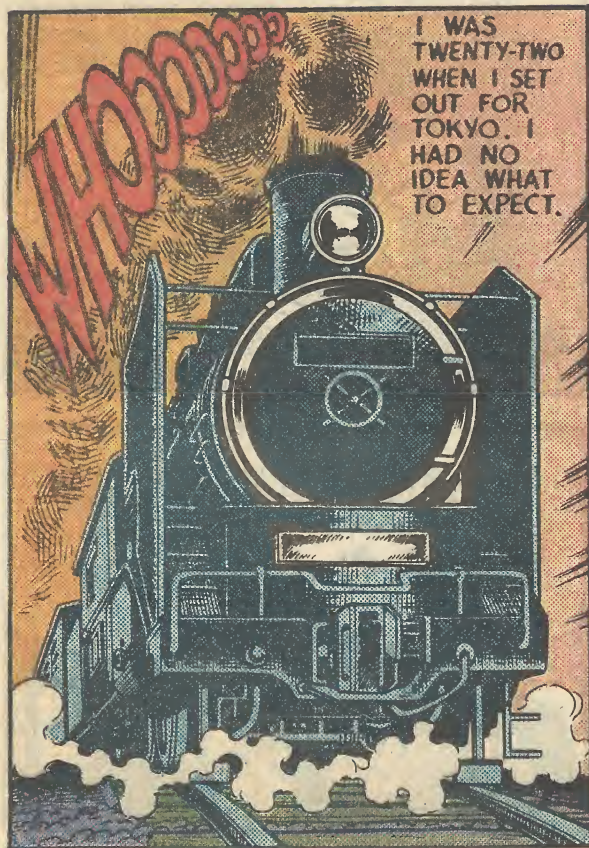
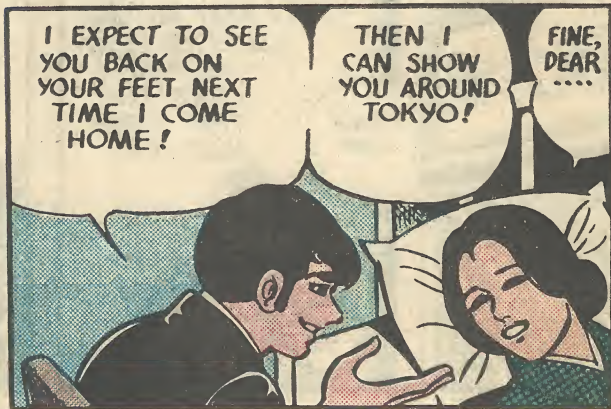
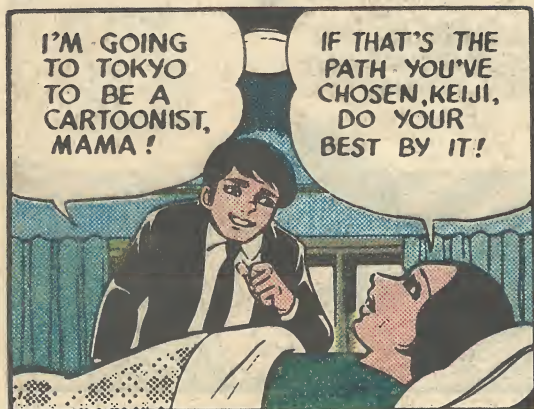
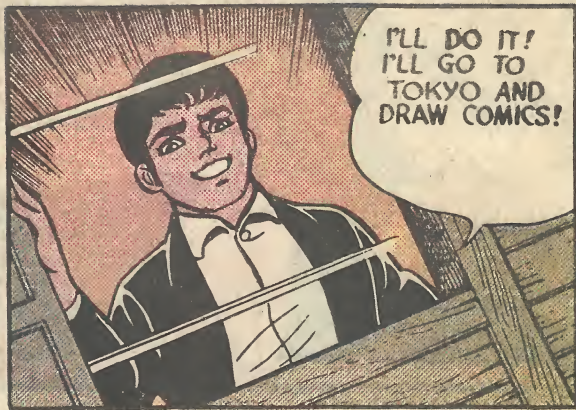
DURING THAT PERIOD  
THE URGE TO DRAW  
COMICS FULL-TIME  
WAS DRIVING ME  
CRAZY.



GO TO TOKYO,  
KEIJI! NOTHING'S  
GOING TO HAPPEN  
IF YOU STAY IN  
HIROSHIMA!

JUST DON'T COME  
BACK WITH YOUR  
TAIL BETWEEN  
YOUR LEGS,  
UNDERSTAND?



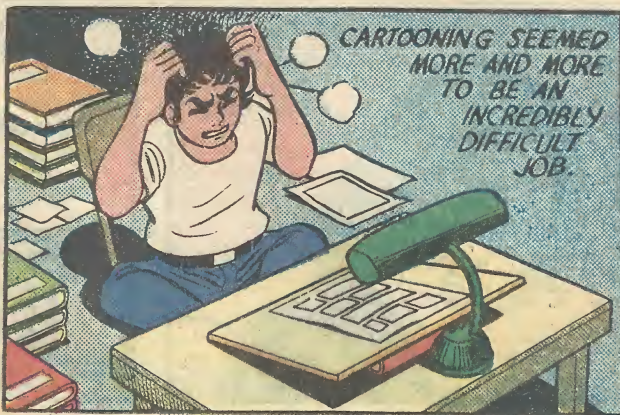




FUMIO ISHII, THE EDITOR WHO HAD SEEN MY WORK, GOT ME A JOB AS ASSISTANT TO DAIJI KAZUMINE. I LIVED IN A TINY ONE-ROOM APARTMENT.

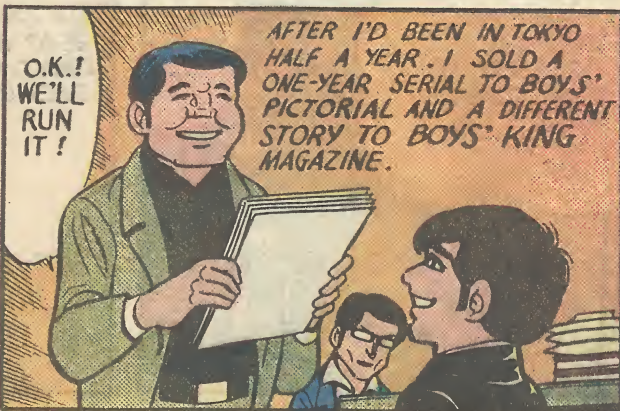


CARTOONING SEEMED MORE AND MORE TO BE AN INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT JOB.

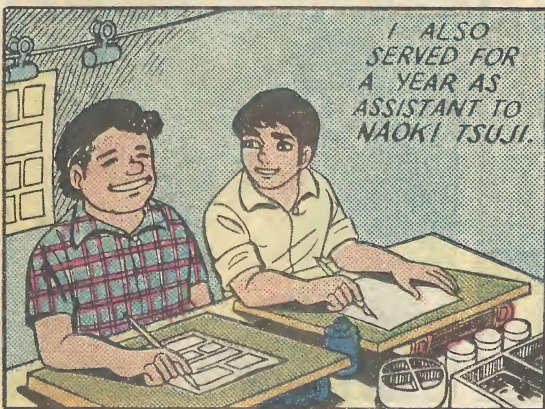


O.K.! WE'LL RUN IT!

AFTER I'D BEEN IN TOKYO HALF A YEAR, I SOLD A ONE-YEAR SERIAL TO BOYS' PICTORIAL AND A DIFFERENT STORY TO BOYS' KING MAGAZINE.

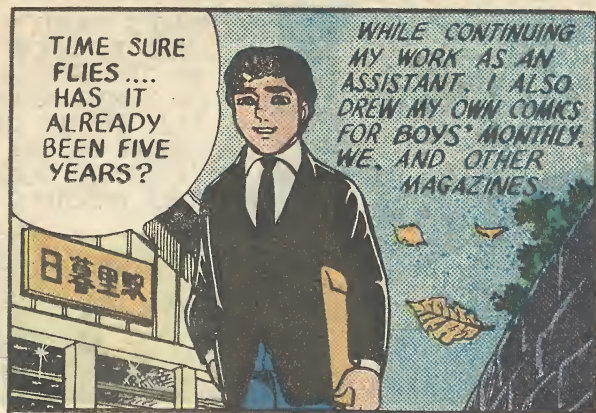


I ALSO SERVED FOR A YEAR AS ASSISTANT TO NAOKI TSUJI.



TIME SURE FLIES .... HAS IT ALREADY BEEN FIVE YEARS?

WHILE CONTINUING MY WORK AS AN ASSISTANT, I ALSO DREW MY OWN COMICS FOR BOYS' MONTHLY, WE, AND OTHER MAGAZINES.



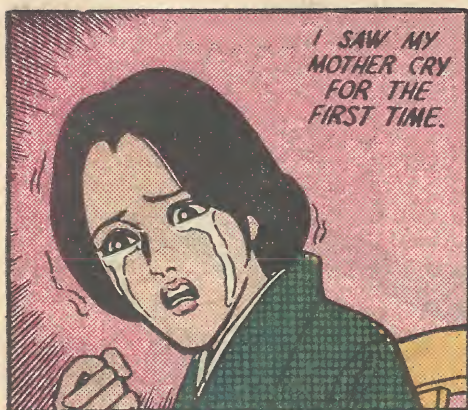
IT SURE WOULD BE NICE TO SEE MAMA'S FACE AGAIN...



AFTER FIVE YEARS' ABSENCE, I RETURNED TO HIROSHIMA. MY MOTHER WAS WELL, BUT SHE STILL COULDN'T WALK FREELY.







I SAW MY MOTHER CRY FOR THE FIRST TIME.



SHE HADN'T SHED A TEAR THROUGH THE WAR AND BOMBING, BUT SHE CRIED WHEN SHE SAW ME.

IT SEEMS SHE HAD BEEN MORE CONCERNED ABOUT ME THAN ANYTHING ELSE.



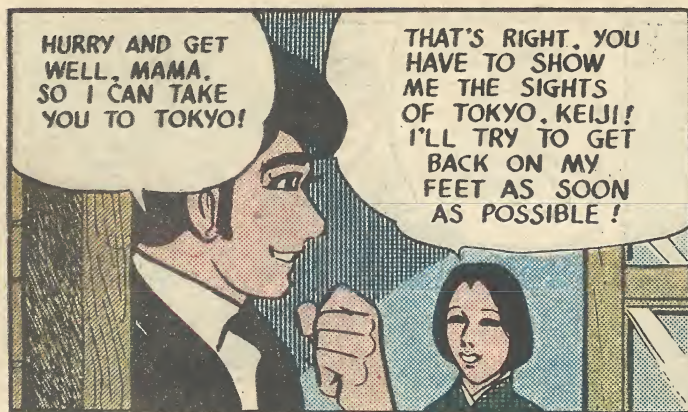
I HAVE ALL THE MAGAZINES THAT CARRY YOUR COMICS, KEIJI! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!

TH... THANKS ...



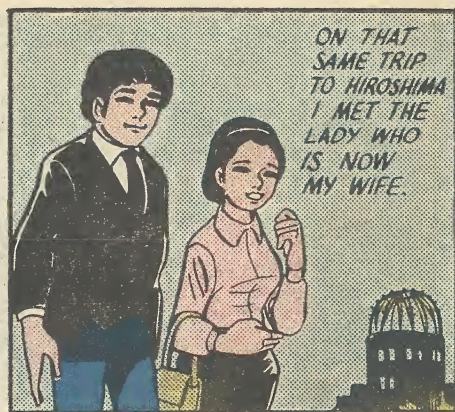
SHE SAID SHE READ MY COMICS MANY TIMES OVER...

I REALIZED THAT PARENTS ARE SOMETHING TO BE TRULY GRATEFUL FOR.

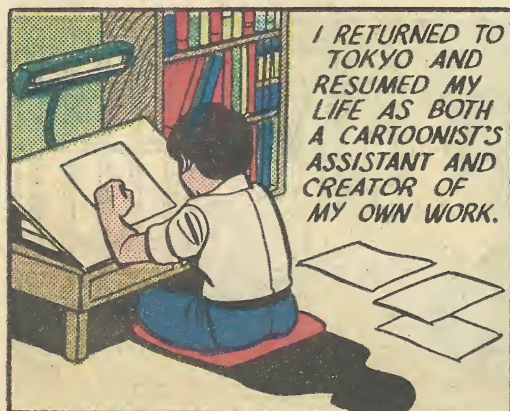


HURRY AND GET WELL, MAMA, SO I CAN TAKE YOU TO TOKYO!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU HAVE TO SHOW ME THE SIGHTS OF TOKYO, KEIJI! I'LL TRY TO GET BACK ON MY FEET AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



ON THAT SAME TRIP TO HIROSHIMA I MET THE LADY WHO IS NOW MY WIFE.

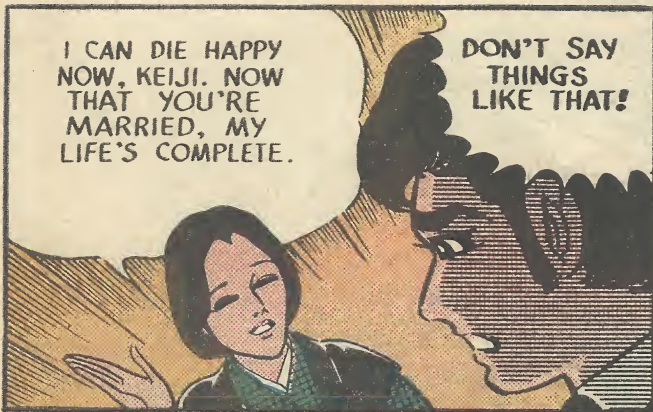


I RETURNED TO TOKYO AND RESUMED MY LIFE AS BOTH A CARTOONIST'S ASSISTANT AND CREATOR OF MY OWN WORK.

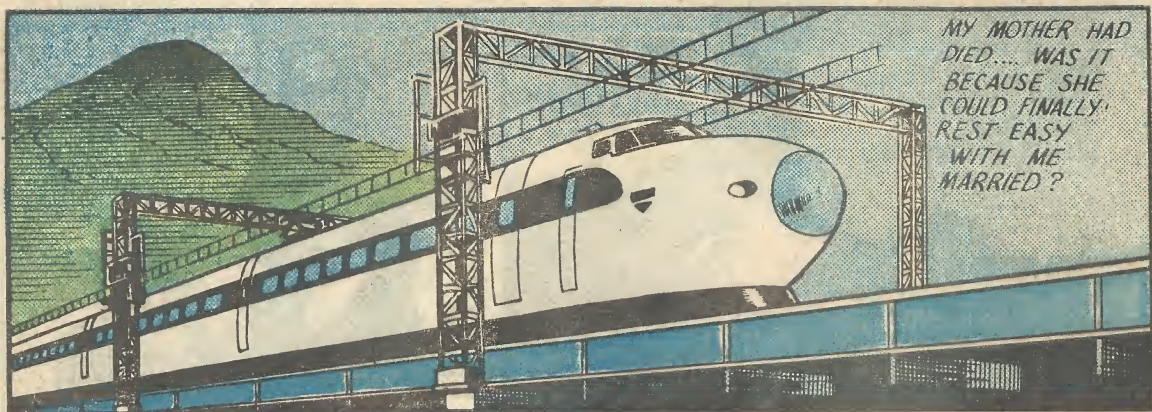


WHEN I WAS 27, MY FIANCEE AND I GOT MARRIED IN HIROSHIMA.

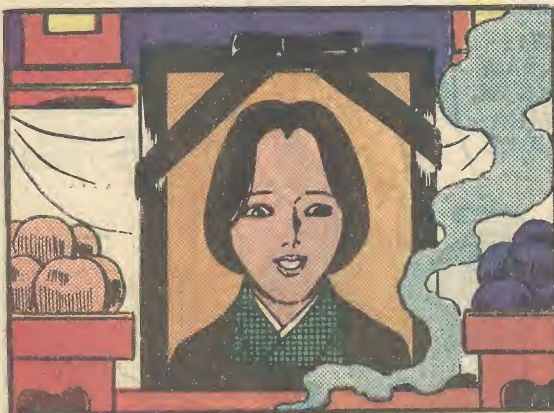








MY MOTHER HAD  
DIED... WAS IT  
BECAUSE SHE  
COULD FINALLY  
REST EASY  
WITH ME  
MARRIED?



YOU FOOL!... AFTER A LIFE  
OF NOTHING BUT PAIN...  
HOW COULD YOU LET  
YOURSELF DIE JUST WHEN  
THINGS WERE GETTING  
BETTER?!



MY CHILD WILL  
BE BORN SOON...

I WANTED  
MAMA TO  
BE ABLE TO  
HOLD HER  
FIRST  
GRANDCHILD...



TOO LATE...  
IT'S JUST  
TOO LATE...







DAMN THE BOMB! DAMN THE  
RADIATION THAT CONSUMED MY  
MOTHER'S VERY BONES!  
EVEN AFTER SHE DIED, IT WENT  
ON EATING AWAY AT HER....



THAT DAMNED  
BOMB... THERE'S  
NO END TO IT....



GIVE THEM  
BACK!! GIVE  
ME BACK  
MY MOTHER'S  
BONES!!

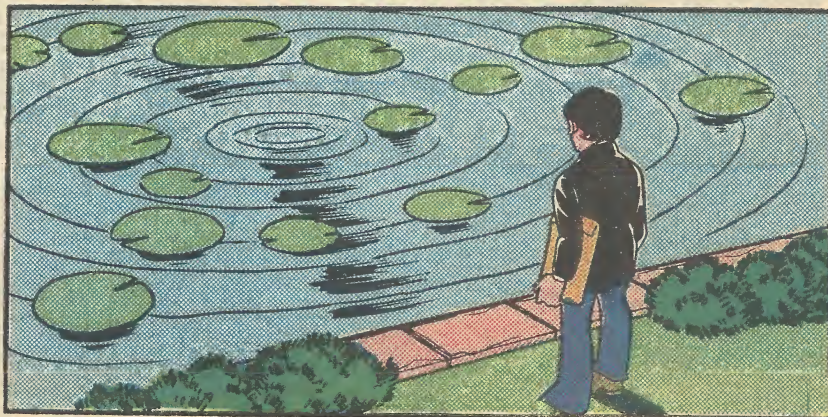
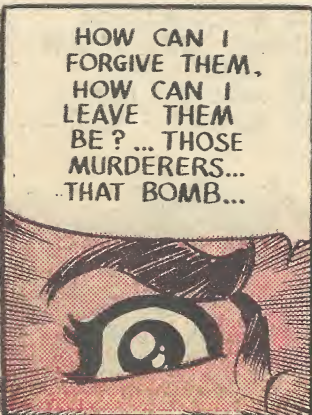


I'LL DRAW CARTOONS  
ABOUT THE ATOMIC  
BOMB, DAMN IT!  
I'LL FIGHT IT AND  
DESTROY IT THROUGH  
CARTOONS!!



AND I'LL SHOW THE  
ONES WHO STARTED  
THE WAR. THE ONES  
WHO USED US AS  
THEIR PLAYTHINGS!

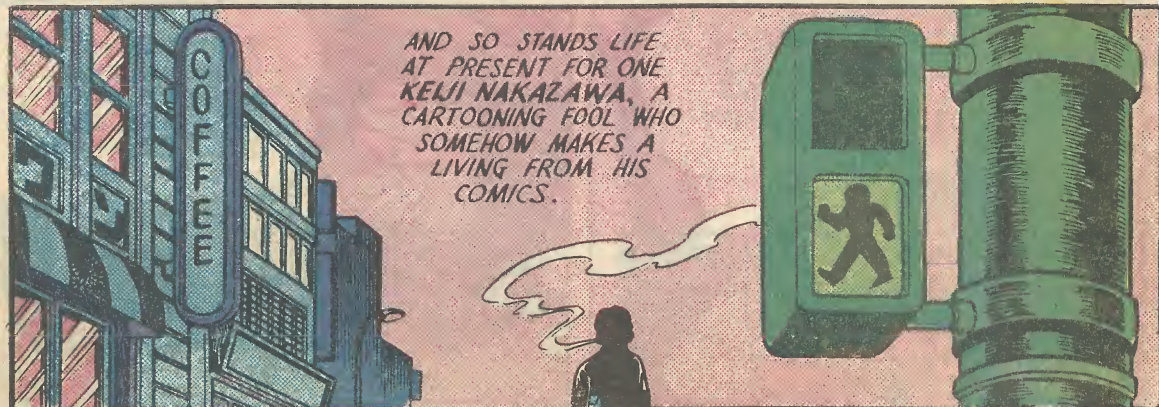
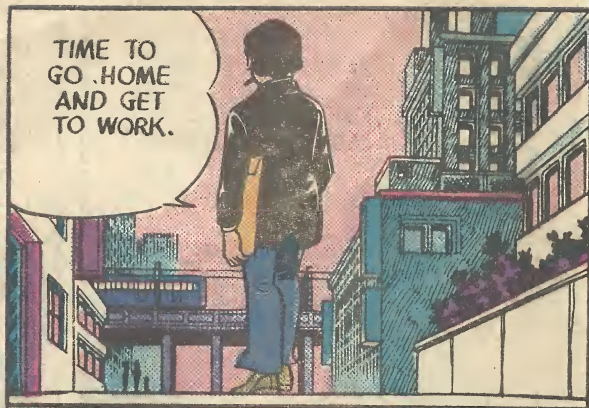
HOW CAN I  
FORGIVE THEM,  
HOW CAN I  
LEAVE THEM  
BE? ... THOSE  
MURDERERS...  
THAT BOMB...













# To the Readers of I SAW IT

The primitive atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki thirty-seven years ago seem nearly forgotten in the current rush to produce weapons capable of wiping humanity off the face of the earth. Today the nuclear arms race proceeds unabated, unquestioned and accepted as inevitable by far too many. Now, more than ever, people all over the world must take a hard look at the facts about those first primitive weapons used on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

I know more than enough about those bombs; I was caught in the midst of the Hiroshima holocaust myself. Never have I felt more strongly than I do now that the human race must transcend its ideological differences to stop the arms race and eliminate such weapons. It saddens me that, for all our scientific progress, we human beings remain forever caught in old ways of thinking.

I SAW IT is only one small part of the truth about the atomic bomb, but I hope it will convey to you the horrible destructive power of nuclear weapons. We must oppose war and militarism; we must work to eliminate nuclear weapons.

—Keiji Nakazawa

Mr. Nakazawa currently lives in suburban Tokyo with his wife and daughter. A nineteen volume anthology of his work, *The Peace Comics Collection*, was published recently. He frequently lectures to high school assemblies and citizen groups throughout Japan on the experiences of those who died and those who survived the atomic bomb. He is now working on a feature-length animated version of *Gen*.

You can write to Keiji Nakazawa c/o Educocomics, box 40246, San Francisco, California, 94140, U.S.A.



Keiji Nakazawa's first published cartoon work came out in 1963. Since then he has had over 50 book-length serials published in paperback format or in Japanese children's comic weeklies.

Nakazawa's first work on the subject of the atomic bomb was *Kuroi Ame ni Utarete* ("Struck by Black Rain"), published in 1968. Other notable works include:

*Aru Hi Totsuzen Ni* ("Suddenly One Day")—the day of the A-bomb (1970)

*Okinawa*—life in wartime and postwar U.S.-occupied Okinawa (1970-1)

*Oré Wa Mita* (I Saw It)—autobiography (1972)

*Hadashi no Gen* (Barefoot Gen)—(1973-4)

*Geki no Kawa* ("Geki's River")—prewar Japan and the Manchurian invasion (1976-7)

*Yukari no Ki no Shita De* ("Under the Eucalyptus Tree")—the post-bomb generation (1977)

*Itsuka Mita Aoi Sora* ("When We Last Saw Blue Sky")—discrimination against A-bomb victims (1978)

A feature film version of *Hadashi no Gen* won first prize for best screenplay at the Czech Film Festival in 1977. This story was also adapted into an opera, which was performed in Okinawa and Hiroshima to critical acclaim.

AKB 47



# ORDER FORM

Educomics is eager to correspond with distributors, shops, organizations and individuals who can help make Nakazawa's story available by ordering copies of *I SAW IT* at our generous bulk discounts.

If you don't want to cut up your comic, list your order on a separate sheet.

## I SAW IT

A full color, 48 page comic book. Nakazawa's own true story complete in one issue.

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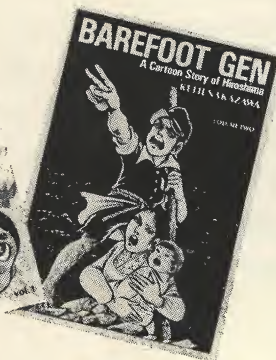
San Francisco

CA 94140, USA





#1



#2

## BAREFOOT GEN

Oré Wa Mita (I SAW IT) appeared in a special edition of Shonen Jampu ("Boy's Jump") magazine in September 1972. The editor liked the work and urged me to create a longer serial based on Oré Wa Mita. He said he was sure I had much more I wanted to say.

Encouraged by his enthusiasm, I began writing the series that first appeared in the weekly Shonen Jampu in June 1973 and ran for a year and a half: Hadashi no Gen (Barefoot Gen).

Gen's family and the other characters in the story are all people who really existed. Gen is myself.

—Keiji Nakazawa

*Barefoot Gen* is a novel-length cartoon epic about seven year old Gen Nakaoka and his family. Together they endure wartime life under a military government, only to be plunged into the world's first nuclear holocaust and its aftermath of devastation, radiation sickness and social breakdown.

Despite its tragic and often brutal context, *Barefoot Gen* is a story of hope and triumph of the human spirit. It is also a graphic account of the consequences of nuclear war.

Keiji Nakazawa's *Barefoot Gen* is a historical fiction based closely on his own experiences. Volume I describes life in wartime Hiroshima from the Spring of 1945 through the dropping of the bomb. Volume II recreates the ordeal of the survivors in the days following the bombing. Each volume is approximately 300 pages.

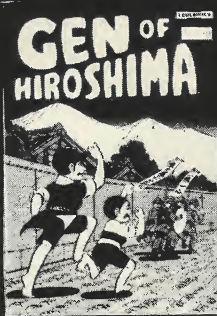
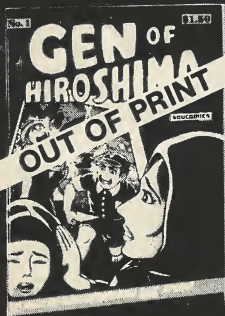
Donations to speed the translation, publication and distribution of the third and fourth volumes of *Barefoot Gen* can be sent to Project Gen, 1280 Fourth Avenue #3, San Francisco, California, 94122. Project Gen is an all volunteer, not-for-profit organization.

## GEN OF HIROSHIMA

#1

#2

In 1980 Educomics began serializing *Barefoot Gen* in comic book format under the title *Gen of Hiroshima*. This series was discontinued in order to concentrate on *I SAW IT* and other projects. The first issue of *Gen of Hiroshima* is out of print. The second 56 page installment is still available from Educomics. Retail price is \$2.



## I SAW IT

### Free Teacher's Guide and Lesson Plan

Educomics will send free information on how to present nuclear war issues to children and a lesson plan for using *I SAW IT* in classrooms for the asking with orders of 30 or more copies.

### Free Poster

An attractive 11 x 17 inch, two-color poster advertising the availability of *I SAW IT* is yours with orders of 20 or more copies. It features endorsements of *I SAW IT* written by leading cartoonists and peace educators.



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8:15 am, August 6, 1945. Six miles above the city of Hiroshima, bomb bay doors snapped open to release "Little Boy," a code-name for the world's first atomic bomb.

In an instant thousands of lives were destroyed, while the city's buildings, books and paintings caught fire and burned. The survivors discovered later that the bomb had permanently tainted them with its invisible contamination.

Keiji Nakazawa was six years old when he experienced this holocaust. He survived to write and draw this story.

